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No. 356.

PRAYER FOR TO-DAY.

BY JOHN GOSSIP.

My God: To-day unclose our eyes To all the precious things Thou sendest us from out the skies, Whereof no poet sings.

Hold this To-day so near our sight— And yet so far away— That we may know to-morrow's light Gleams ever on To-day!

All blame be ours; yet help us, Lord, To so transform our sight That, read anear or far, Thy Word May be construed aright.

Except we see To-day on earth As it to us is given, How shall we come to know the worth Of one To-day in Heaven?

The Red Cross;

The Mystery of Warren-Guilderland. A ROMANCE OF THE ACCURSED COINS.

BY GRACE MORTIMER.

CHAPTER IV.

ONE year ago to day Baron Warren-Guilderland rode from his castle gates.

We come upon him in a strangely different scene. The gleam of dawn is spreading a soft, golden glow over the solitary, barren land; from east to west, from north to south, there is not a break in the dead calm of the yellow wilderness; the sky burns red like a wasting fire, and azure clouds drift across it, lifting high the tempting mirage of shining water-courses and full-foliaged trees.

It is an Arabian desert, boundless, scorched, desolate.

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Two horsemen urge their weary horses along the
rackless plain. They have been traveling all night
and have not yet reached the oasis where alone it
s safe to halt during the mid-day heat.

Both wear the garb of the Bedouin, the snowwhite burnous and turban, with the glittering canight thrust into their scarlet girdles; their skin is
of the rich olive-bronze hue of the sons of the desirt, and the steeds they bestride are desert-born
and bred, intelligent as hu nanity, and swift as the
lawk whose swoop they emulate.

But these men, as they ride close together
through the great wilderness, speak in the English
longue—and the theme is—Warren-Guilderl ma!

Once more we behold Herman Berthold, Baron
Warren-Guilderland, and his servant Norris.

And what has lured the great man here?

A lady's face!



"Oh, my Creat Father on high, accept the sacrifice, and give me at last my heart's desire--a father's love!"

pons.

When the band was some twenty paces distant, Baron Berthold rose, and, lifting his white cambric handkerchief on the point of his spear, calmly walked forward to meet it.

Next instant they were around him like a crowd

the ethystello of the nat—and game the name of the same of the sam

ground and deftly removing the bit from his beautiful little steed's mouth as he spoke.

Norris turned pale under the dye which bronzed his wrinkled face, and with a heavy heart imitated his intrepid master as he took from his holsters a few handfuls of coarse barley-meal and some dates, and fed them to the eager brute, rubbing its slender limbs carefully down afterward. Then the baron threw himself upon the sand in his horse's shadow, directing his servant to do the same.

"Our only channe to escape the spears of those marauders," remarked he, "is to betray no fear, and as they approach to meet them with a flag of truce. I shall presently discern of what tribe they are, and will greet them as brethren; we shall then accompany them upon their present raid, and possibly I may be fortunate enough to serve the Americans, or at least the lady whom I have followed so long."

Norris groaned and began to mutter a prayer.

On they came, a hundred horsemen, looming nearer and nearer, their lances flashing in the glare of the early sun, the galloping hoofs of their splendid stallions dashing the light sand up in clouds like spray. A few paces in advance their leader swept alone, his white halk floating around him, a carried on the conversation with the curb, and carried on the corestation of a man of iron, his hand as light as a woman's on the curb, and carried on the corestation with the curb, and carried on the conversation with the curb, and carried on the conversation with the curb, and carried on the curb, and carried

nrt.

Presently they swept up to the base of a line of are rocks which had been gradually magnifying com their first pigmy proportions to a lofty alticle, and at a sign from the sheik, in an instant his and were off their horses and unloading the

on the wilderness which surrounded this haven of rest.

Profound silence reigned, broken only by the snort of some steed whose delicate nostrils the long grass had tickled, or the deep breath of some camel as it laid itself luxuriously down among the cool, damp sedges of the water-course.

Overcome with the journey of the night and the noon heat, the travelers slept.

Not all, though; one might have heard the murmur of high-bred female voices, had one chosen to listen beside the principal marquee. In the din amber light under the dusky canvas two American ladies might have been discovered, the elder reclining upon a couch of velvety tiger-skins, and the younger kneeling on the flower-starred ground at her side, gently fanning her with a huge black silk Spanish fan.

The soft eyes of Mrs. Valrose gave one little danerous flash.

The soft eyes of Mrs. Valrose gave one little dangerous flash.

"You have done nothing—nothing!" said she, in a bitter voice. "If utter innocence could have softened his heart, he would long ago have loved my Cordelia as fondly as he loves me. Child, ask me no more; be content with my love; is it not lavished upon y u with every breath I draw?"

For a few moments the mother and daughter remained clasped in each other's arms; the tinkling of the water from its shadowed rock came sweetly to their ears, mingled with the whirr of some gorgeously-plumaged tropical bird as it darted from tree to tree; the rich scent of the crushed flowers upon which Cordelia knelt stole upon the still, dry, sultry atmosphere; cheek to cheek and heart to heart these two dainty recipients of Fortune's careless favors communed in stricken silence over the one unendurable thorn in their lot.

Suddenly a long, shrill cry rung out, close beside them. It was the war-cry of their Moslem foes: "Allah-il-Allah!"

The ladies bounded to their feet, and at the same instant Mr. Valrose strode from behind the curtain and seized his pist(js from the table. Mrs. Valrose ran to his protection, pale as death, but Cordelia stood where she was, her dark eyes fixed upon the closed curtain of heavy cloth which hung at the entrance of the tent.

Meantime, the yell of the startled guard had answered the challenge of the enemy; the quiet encampment was transformed in a moment to a hive teeming with activity. The thunder of advancing horse could be distinctly heard on the velvet sward; they had surprised the camp in the rear, while the sentinels watched the desert.

The sharp report of fire-arms, and the singing whistle of bullets proclaimed that the struggle had begun; and the dismayed ejaculations of the Arabs, and hoarse, flerce, desperate rallying cry of their commander, (a Frenchman with the body of a Lilliputian and the soul of a Brobdignag,) told with grim significance how fearfully uneven the battle was to be.

Victor Valrose looked down on his beautif

with love or humor as eloquently as any young blood's.

"Madeline, wife," exclaimed he in a low voice, which sounded wonderfully out of place with that accompaniment of howls and snapping musketry, so replete with manly affection was it, "have I ever failed in love to you?"

Arrested, in spite of her terror, she answered, hysterically:

"No, no, my blessed husband, never! Let us die together!"

Arrested, in spice of her terror, she answered, hysterically:

"No, no, my blessed husband, never! Let us die together!"

"Why then judge so hardly one whose fault has been that he loved you too well to pass through life unscathed by the fires of sin and remorse?' said he, passionately. "Kiss me, Madeline; it may indeed be the last time!"

She drew down his stately head and pressed fond kisses on his lips, and Cordelia turned her patient eyes from the doorway, fixing them mournfully upon the pair.

"I must go,' said Mr. Valrose, gently putting his wife back on the couch from which she had risen; "every soul is needed to defend the encampment Stay close, my dear, my dear! Farewell, for a time!" As he spoke these faltering words, retiring slowly toward the opening of the tent with his gaze fixed to the last upon the agonized face of his wife, a low moan escaped from the unhappy daughter. She who idolized him, who would gladly have submitted to the fiercest tortures, only to wring a faint word of interest or compassion from him—was to receive no farewell, not even one passing glance!

Valrose started as his eye fell on her. Such a haunting look as she gave him!

He stopped, a spasm contracted his features; involuntarily as it would seem he stretched out his arms to her.

Oh, the wild flash of wondering, incredulous rapture that lit her whole being for a moment into dazziling radiance! Oh, the eloquence of her faint, murmurous sigh, as she falteringly approached him, her hands outstretched to clasp him in the first embrace she had ever known of fatherly affection!

She was too slow, a mighty revulsion surged over him, he dropped his arms, his face hardened, his eye froze.

She stopped a pace or two from him, she had read him.

eye froze.
She stopped a pace or two from him, she had read

sye froze.

She stopped a pace or two from him, she had read him.

"Take care of your mother, Cordelia," was all he said; next instant the curtain fell behind him; mother and daughter were alone.

Cordelia stood in the center of the tent, motionless. Indeed, what with her lovely face so spectral pale, and her long white dress, thrown open at the marble throat, and loosely girdled at the slender waist by a silver chain, she might have passed for a statue of any of the Greek heroines of mythology, chiseled by an immortal hand.

"God!" whispered Cordelia, with an exceeding bitter cry, "now grant me death!"

At that moment the curtain was swept aside from the entrance, and an Arab sprung in, dropping it behind him.

Mrs. Valrose's terrified shriek was lost in the sudden clang of swords outside, showing that the enemy was actually in the midst of the camp. Cordelia, recegnizing the man as none of the guard, quietly retreated to her mother, and stood between her and the intruder.

He paused an instant, scrutinizing the beautiful, icy face of the young girl intently, then he spoke, softly:

"Ladies, I would save you; there is only one way"

softly:
"Ladies, I would save you; there is only one way

"Ladies, I would save you, the though."
They regarded him wildly; his manner was friendly, his dark face smiled gently upon them.
"What way?" demanded Cordelia.
He approached nearer, and whispered:
"When the struggle is over and the captives are driven before the emirs Timour-Emad and Masudi, I, Masudi, will claim the maiden for my wife and she must appear to submit. Thus only can I save

I, Masudi, will claim the maiden for my wife and she must appear to submit. Thus only can I save the white ladies from the fate of war."

Mrs. Valrose uttered a scream of horror and snatched her child convulsively to her, as if already she saw her the prey of that dusky-visaged Bedouin, whose calm bright eyes seanned her so narrowly; but Cordelia said quickly:

"Appear, you say? Is this a generous ruse to rescue us?"

"Appear, you say? Is this a generous ruse to rescue us?"

"Masudi is a friend," replied the Arab. "Come, what do you answer? If the maiden reveals a shade of reluctance the hot hearted and envious Timour-Emad will make it an excuse to snatch her from me for his own tent."

"You will not hold me to my promise, Arab?" demanded Cordelia, looking at him full-eyed. The steady gaze of the stranger met her unflinchingly; an electric thrill seemed to emanate from his eyes to the heart of the maiden, she hastily added: "No, I see you will not; you are genuine. One thing, my friend; grant me the life of my father."

"It may be too late," said the Arab; "besides, I know him not."

"No—no—of course you don't!" faltered the lovely girl, for the first time betraying agitation, "but I can point him out to you—come!" and she was flying out of the tent.

The Arab barred her way.

"It is death—or "—he lowered his tone—"worse—for you out there!"

"Death?" she echoed, her whole face kindling with sudden joy; "and for his sake! Oh, let melet me go! Or worse, you say? No, no, I have this," and she snatched a richly-bejeweled Persian dagger from her dressing-case which lay open on the ground, and then caught up a white orape shawl and muffled her head and face in it.

The Arab offered no further remonstrance, but followed her as she flew out of the tent into the glare and noise and confusion of the centest, her mother's frantic wail pursuing her in vain.

Contest? It scarcely could be called such!

The enemy had hemmed them in on every side; there was nothing to be distinguished but a throng of lean, olive Bedouin faces, flashing yataghans, waving red burnouses, tossing manes and clicking teeth of the sawage horses which bit and tore and clawed each other's breasts; here and there the white, upraised countenance of a European and the sweep of his sword-arm; here and there the white, upraised countenance of a European and the sweep of his sword-arm; here and there the white, upraised countenance of a European and the sweep of his sword-arm; here and there the white, upraised countenance of a European and the county is the sword-arm; here and there the white, upraised countenance of a European and the county is the county is the sword-arm; here and there the shade outly and the saddle; and over all the dense cloud of mingled sand and smoke through which the sun glared red as copper.

Cordelia stood for a moment bewildered and bedazzled, while into her heart a strange, devoted courage seemed to pour, nerving her to a supernatural strength and calmness. A light seemed to flash across her brain—she could take the whole scene in and comprehend the alternatives in an instant; her presence of mind rose to the high of actual inspiration.

She saw at length the white, uncovered head of her father; he was the center of the attack, in the actual that he dense has a strange devoted courage seemed to pour, nerving her to a supernatural strength and calmness. A light seem

actual inspiration.

She saw at length the white, uncovered head of her father; he was the center of the attack, in the thickest of the fray. Not a friend was to be seen near him—nothing but the Arab horde, surging around him, some, still mounted, striving to ride him down, attempts which the pressure of the throng frustrated; some on foot, raining upon him the clanging blows of sabers or thrusts of their lances; all surging up to him, driven back, and surging up again, like the furious waves of the storm-tossed sea.

Cordelia grasped Masudi, and with a wave of her

surging up again, like the furious waves of the storm-tossed sea.

Cordelia grasped Masudi, and with a wave of her hand toward the white head, pushed him into the combat. He ran, only glancing back to implore her in dumb show to retire within the tent once more. She took no heed, but standing, tall and motionless, on the slight eminence upon which the principal marquee had been pitched, with her pale robes, shrouded head, and beautiful arms crossed upon her bosom, she watched the battle and prayed for God's intervention the while.

Masudi gained Mr. Valrose's side, and uttering a sudden, shrill, warning cry, he placed his own body between the white man's and his antagonists, and spreading his hands heavenward, shouted:

"Oh, noble sheik, hear my prayer! By the Law and the Prophets, I see in this Frank a friend of the tribe of Masudi; give Masudi his life!"

A sign from the emir to his men, and every soul drew back, leaving Valrose and Masudi standing side by side in a cleared place.

Meantime, however, the fight raged on all around; the rich velvet sward was dinted and dyed with the iron hoofs of the steeds and the red blood of their riders; corpses lay here and there as they had fallen, some in a helpless heap, some on their faces, where they had been shot confronting the foe; sometimes it was the loose linen dress of a European that lay crushed and trodden into the sand, sometimes the brilliant scarlet and white and gold of the Bedouin, his dark hands still clutching the reeking blade.

of the Bedouin, his dark hands still clutching the reeking blade.

To Cordelia there was but one point on the field—where her father and the friendly Arab stood.

She saw the proud American draw himself up with head thrown back and arms folded, eying Masudi haughtily. She heard the hissing whisper of the robbers as they clustered round their shelk, who sat his horse in their midst like a bronze equestrian; and felt the piercing, pitiless gaze which the savage leader of the band bent on his enemy and his ally.

savage leader of the band bent on his enemy and his ally.

"Brother," said Timour-Emad, after a short pause, "thy request is ill-timed as snow in harvest. The accursed Frank has slain not a few of the bravest of the tribe of Timour-Emad. Shall the infidel dog escape the vengeance of their brethren? No; as Allah liveth—"

"Hold, oh, emir!" cried Masudi. "Bind not thyself by an oath that thou mayest deplore when it is too late. I am thy brother, thine ally, the mighty emir Masudi whose people are as the sand of the desert for multitude, and whose hearts are as one. Give me this man's life, I pray thee."

"Be it so; I promise thee his life, emir, but hold him my captive," answered Timour-Emad, frowningly, perfectly well detecting the covert threat.

Masudi bowed in acknowledgment and acquiescence, and beckoned Valrose to follow him out of the melee.

A woman's tremulous cry rung out above all the turnell; a whiteroled Serves of acted forces."

cence, and beekened various to follow like out the melee.

A woman's tremulous cry rung out above all the tunult; a white-robed figure floated forward with ivory-pure arms outstretched and eyes shining like stars through the sheer transparency of her vail.

Her way was blocked mid-path, the murmur of joy was changed to a scream of terror; Timour-Emad had dashed himself from his horse and had her in his flerce grass.

THE DAUGHTER'S SACRIFICE.

THE DAUGHTER'S SACRIFICE.

At that sight, Valrose uttered a savage shout, and bounding forward, with one sudden fell blow of his clenched fist laid the emir flat on the ground. Then he put the woman behind him, and stood unarmed, scowling on his foes. She slid her lovely hands round one of his arms, pressed her cheek to his shoulder, and whispered in his ear:

"Dear father! dear father!"

He started violently, and wrenching her hands off, held them both in a crushing grip, while he poured upon her flinching face (from which the shelk's violence had torn the vail) a gaze of cold, sarcastic displeasure.

poured upon her minning face (from which the shelk's violence had torn the vail) a gaze of cold, sarcastic displeasure.

"It is not Madeline, then, for whom I have forfeited my life?' said he, while the unhappy girl writhed and shivered under his bitter eye; "it must needs be you, Cordelia—Regan would have befitted you better!" and he thrust her from him toward the tent.

Masudi received her as she staggered back, and held her against his shoulder for a moment while he glanced from Valrose to her in curious interest. Meanwhile the emir had scrambled to his feet, and, black with shame and rage, was now imperiously waving back all those of his zealous followers who had advanced to plunge their blades into the audacious American's breast—waving them back that he might enjoy the fierce delight of revenge himself. His small, bead-black eyes glared lurid, with a white ring encircling the glowing pupil; his lips were drawn back, and exposed the clenched teeth; his whole form shook and oscillated; the blood-thirst was upon him; he was greedy for his prey.

ed; the blood-thirst was upon him; he was greedy for his prey.

Valrose met his glare with immovable calmness.

"Emir," said he, and at the sound of that manly, unfaltering voice a deep silence fell on the throng; the battle ceased, and every dark face turned his way; "in self-defense I have killed more than one of your men. It was the fortune of war. In defense of one of my women I have struck you; it was inevitable; had I invaded your beit-ei-shar and touched the delight of your eyes, you would have done the same. I am at your mercy; you can do as you please with me, but it will be far beneath the dignity of a brave warrior to butcher his captive in cold clood."

dignity of a brave warrior to butcher his captive in cold blood."

The emir laughed savagely.

"My captive! good! so thou art, vile dog," said he, with cruel satisfaction. "I shall not slay thee—yet; thou shalt be my slave, and thy women shall dwell in my tent. Thou shalt serve them and me. Away, slave; attend to my horse."

"Emir," returned Valrose, quietly, "I, my wife and this girl are your captives; we are worth a valuable ransom. Take care how you treat us; the shadow of an insult to the ladies, and you will be called upon to pay a heavy reckoning some day! Piedge your word that we shall be held by your force in honorable captivity, and we shall make no attempt to escape until our ransom is paid. But presume in the slightest degree, and I warn you we three shall escape you by death, dealt by our own hands."

hands."
As he spoke these gallant words, Mrs. Valrose tottered from the adjacent tent and pressed close to her husband s side, and Cordelia, breaking from the gentle hand of Masudi, stood up with royal mien on his other side. Masudi leaned on his spear behind them, looking at and listening to what was done and said in breathless attention; his servant, too, (Norris), crept close to Cordelia, his eyes glued to her charming face as if he was spell-bound.

The emir, watching the tableau with a sardonic The emir, watching the tableau with a sardonic smile, and bringing his gloating eyes at last upon the imperial face of Cordelia, answered, curtly:

"Ye are my spoil—Inshallah! are ye not mine to do as I list with? The maiden is fair as the gold-crowned hoopee; she shall find grace in the eyes of the great sheik. The other woman I praymy brother Masudi to accept."

The ladies whitened, and shrinking behind Mr. Valrose, clung to each other.

Masudi made the emir a magnificent obeisance, then said, coolly:

Masudi made the emir a magnificent obefsance, then said, coolly:

"Distinguished Djeid, I would trade with you, and also beseech a favor. Sell me thy slave, the Frank, and present me with both the women—the younger for my wife, the elder for my mother. Thy brother Masudi, as thou knowest, has none in his seraglio as beauteous as report will have the least favored of thy harem."
This judicious commissioned of the property of th

smile whose rare sweetness even the dusky bronze of his complexion could not disguise.

The lean, dark face of the emir kindled as he heard; he drew closer to the maiden and bent his lawless gaze full upon her.

With the proud sweep of an empress she waved him back and drew her vail across her noble

beauty.
"Free my father first!" said she, in thrilling entreaty.

Masudi interrupted the silence which followed:

"Maiden thou art mine; thou canst not bestow

Masudi interrupted the silence which followed:

"Maiden thou art mine; thou canst not bestow thyself on another.'

Timour-Emad spoke up, wrathfully:

"Maiden, thou hearest? My brother claims thee; thy father is all that he has left to me."

The beautiful woman turned to Masudi, she once more drew aside her vail, and looked up full-eyed at him.

"Arab," almost whispered she, and her snowy hand fell on his lithe, dark wrist with a touch like velvet, sending a mystic shiver through all the veins of the great philosopher; "you are generous—noble-hearted. Give me up, I implore you, and I shall die with Masudi's name on my lips, coupled with a blessing."

Masudi continued his piercing scrutiny of her for a few seconds more; then, seeming to be satisfied that she was in earnest, he drew Timour-Emad aside, and they conferred eagerly.

Meantime, Mrs. Valrose clung round Cordelia's neck, passionately embracing her and thanking her for her noble conduct, and at the same time wildly calling upon her to recant the dreadful proposition she had made. As for Mr. Valrose, with his arms folded and his countenance gloomy and corpselike, he stood a pace apart, eying his daughter.

At last the two sheiks approached; triumph was visible in the elated manner of Timour-Emad, anxiety and chagrin in Masudi's.

The former spoke:

"Maiden," said he, fixing his flery gaze upon the chill, electric face of the American lady, "I have bought thee from the Emir Masudi, and the price I have paid for thee is—the man who insulted me. Great Allah! Is it not a princely price to pay for a wite?"

"Is my father free to continue his journey?" inquired Cordelia, turning entreatingly to Masudi.

wife?"
"Is my father free to continue his journey?" inquired Cordelia, turning entreatingly to Masudi.
"I swear it!" replied Masudi.
"Is my mother, too?" continued Cordelia, her
firm tones trembling a little.
"Your mother, too," answered Masudi, prompt-

wheeled round upon the Arab horde, shouling wildly:

"Do as you please with me, but as God lives I shall not permit a finger to be laid upon her."

Timour-Emad flashed a fierce glance at Masudi, who stepped to the prisoner's side with a cold:

"Frank, Masudi has bought thee; thou art his captive, whom he desires to save alive. Cease these void threats; the maiden has ransomed thee, make not her sacrifice yain."

"Father," ohimed in the low voice of Cordelia, "they are inexorable, waste no more time in entreaties. Give me onef ather-kiss! One blessing!" Suddenly losing all her noble self-control, the exquisite woman threw herself upon her father's breast, and with wild tears coursing down her death-pale face, and convulsive arms holding him to her heart, offered her sweet mouth for the first and last caress.

"A little, modest, dry man, in sailor-rig, with

death-pale face, and convulsive arms holding him to her heart, offered her sweet mouth for the first and last caress.

For once she did not plead in vain; the man held her close, while a savage conflict raged in his heart; it passed, and an expression of adoration and despair settled on him. He snatched her up, tall as she was and queen-like, and straining her fiercely against his throbbing bosom muttered in her ear:

"Poor Cordelia, it's late in the day to tell you now that secret cause of our long enstrangement. It was through no fault of yours, poor, pretty Corrie! It has been the curse which followed me for twenty years; poisoning every fount of sweetness on my shadowed life-path. I confess it now—Hush! it must not reach your mother. I have hated you all your innocent days, because—you are not my chili; and your father still lives!"

He was interrupted by her quick hand placed on his lips, by her flashing eyes scorching him up.

"Beware!" she said in in his ear; "let me die in ignorance rather than learn the truth through my mother's shame!"

"She is guiltless!" anyword Valence colemnar.

ignorance rather than learn the truth through my mother's shame!"

"She is guiltless!" answered Valrose, solemnly;
"She is guiltless!" answered Valrose, solemnly;
"mine is the guilt, the shame, the haunting remorse, of which you have been the embodied memory; the ever-present conscience to sting me every hour. Your mother thought him dead; he and I knew better. And you must needs set your pure heart upon me—the wretch who was unworthy to look in your guileless face! Oh, you ill-fated woman, what in earth or heaven is sufficent to reward such supreme love as yours?" and bending his proud head, he kissed her blenched but smiling lips, once, twice, three times, solemnly, as one kisses the revered dead.

"Come!" said the harsh voice of Timour-Emad at their side.

"Come!" said the harsh voice of Timour-Emad at their side.

The unhappy mother flung herself round her adored child, uttering the most heartrending prayers to the Arab to spare her, and Valrose clung to her with distracted looks; but Cordelia slowly, gently unloosed their clasp from her person, took herself fold by fold out of their hands, and standing off alone, with an unearthly radiance in her sweet eyes, and a smile of surpassing tranquillity illuming her beautiful face, murmured:

"I have not lived in vain, I am content to die now. My father loves me!"

Next moment the fierce Arab had her in his arms, and placing her upon a charger, and beckoning half a dozen of his men to follow he was about to sweep out into the desert, when Masudi stepped to the side of the captive, and suddenly slipping his hand up her flowing lawn sleeve, clasped her arm between the wrist and elbow, while he fixed a gaze of earnest significance upon her.

seraglio as beauteous as report will have the least favored of thy harem."

This judicious commingling of flattery and business seemed to strike Timour-Emad dumb. He regarded his troublesome ally with distrust, and a slight mixture of apprehension.

"My brother asks a great thing," muttered he. "What are the fruits of the conquest which the conqueror is to preserve to himself?"

tween the wrist and elbow, while he fixed a gaze of earnest significance upon her. The maiden started violently as that unexpected clasp sent a stinging pain, like the pricking of a clasp sent a stinging pain, like the pricking of a slight mixture of apprehension.

"My brother asks a great thing," muttered he. "What are the fruits of the conquest which the conqueror is to preserve to himself?"

"Fear nothing," said Masudi, tightening that clasp of thrilling pain upon her quivering flesh;

wing.
(To be continued—Commenced in No. 355.)

SLEIGHING SONG.

BY HENRI MONTCALM. When nights are still and from the bill

when hights are still and from the bill
The moon is rising bright;
When on the ground the country round
The snow lies hard and white;
When the air is clear and cold,
And the road as smooth as glass,
Oh, who'll be staying from going sleighing,
Or let the moment pass?

The sound of sleigh-bells comes from the stables
Now drag the cutter out!
Whoa, Tom and Jerry, don't be so merry,
And dance and frisk about.
Now pass me up the reins,
And let their heads go free;
Do they know, I wonder, that over yonder
Somebody s waiting for me?

I find her ready. Now, Tom, stand steady; I reach her forth my hand; One little minute her own lies in it; Why won't the horses stand? I lift her to the seat, We tuck the robes in tight; Then away we go o'er the glistening snow. Then away we go o'er the glistening snow Into the silver night.

Past windows flashing, o'er bridges dashing,
Over the hills away;
"Oh, Molly, Molly, isn" it jolly,
Two alone in a sleigh?"
She turns her pretty head
To toss her curls about;
And loud and long and full and strong
Her merry laugh rings out.

And jingle, jingle, the sleigh-bells mingle
All in a merry tune.
The keen north-wind we'll never mind
Under the splendid moon.
We've plenty of wraps and robes;
Let wintry breezes blow.
What matters the weather when close together
We sit in a cutter—so?

The night grows still, we're by the mill;
This mile will be the last;
And, growing bolder, my arms enfold her,
Fold her and hold her fast.
Oh, now is the time for love,
To whisper it soft and low,
In the winter night when fields are white,
As we two homeward go!

The Hunted Bride: WEDDED, BUT NOT WON.

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN. AUTHOR OF "BLACK EYES AND BLUE," "BRAVE BARBARA," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

"Therefore, maiden," resumed Timour-Emad, laying his dark, sincey hand on her delicate should again his dark, sincey hand on her delicate should be thee in the great shelk is beit et shar, the direct and sets beloved of all his women."

She gently disengaged herself, and stepped between her father and mother She clasped one of each of their hands, and litting her rich eyes, in which the fire of heroism burned, to the dazziling heavens, she cried, passionately and her she of heroism burned, to the dazziling heavens, she cried, passionately and he had been surely for each of their hand, and little her or how to inclose it to her.

"Child!" said he, hoarse with the horror that was upon him; "I will not allow this. My God!—" he broke off abruptly with a heart-sick groan; he knew too well, by that kindled eye and filered, and her was upon him; "I will not allow this. My God!—" he broke off abruptly with a heart-sick groan; he knew too well, by that kindled eye and filered, and he was upon him; "I will not allow this. My God!—" he broke off abruptly with a heart-sick groan; he knew too well, by that kindled eye and filered, and he was upon him; "I will not allow this. My God!—" he broke off abruptly with a heart-sick groan; he knew too well, by that kindled eye and filered, and he was upon him; "I will not allow this. My God!—" he was upon him; "I will not allow this. My God!—" he was upon him; and he, from use and habit, had so long considered it his own, that Lucille's exaction appeared to him like a robbery. Nevertheless, he had no deal of him, and keep it the during the heavens, she cried him where or horder of he

scandal of the public and the reproaches of his confiding little Violet. It made his blood run cold only to think of it. "Why can't a fellow get along without these

A little, modest, dry man, in sailor-rig, with twinkling eyes that looked brightly around him, opened the door, and sidled in.

Where had Mr. Maxwell seen that countenance? He could not recall when or where, yet he thought he had met the man.

"Mr. Maxwell?" asked the intruder. The

other bowed assent.
"I wasn't to dump my cargo till I was dead

"I wasn't to dump my eargo thi I was dean sure to who I consigned it," said the little man. "I am J. B. Maxwell, of this firm," said Branthope, a vague reminiscence of the Sally Ann stealing over him, like a breath of salt air blown inland, and making him flush to the fore-

Then here's the note, and I'm to wait for an answer."
He held out a sealed envelope, which the lawyer had only to glance at in order to recognize
the writing of the address. The note it contained
was brief and to the point:

"Send the sum for which I asked you, by the arer. "What's up now?" thought Branthope; "it's risking a good deal by such a messenger. If it's lost, I trust she will hold herself responsible, and

He did not dare refuse the peremptory request, and folding the ten bills carefully in an envelope, he sealed it, and gave it to the man. Do you know what this envelope con-

"Money."
"Well, be careful of it. There is too much "A thousand dollars."
"Yes," said Maxwell, looking at him susdiciously. "I suppose Miss Lucille knows what

Ay, ay, sir. She's reason to think me as honest as some who wear better clothes."

Branthope reddened.
"I don't care what becomes of the money,

after it leaves my hand," he said, angrily; "you can lose it, if you libe."

"I shan't like," and tucking the envelope safely in the inside pocket of his faded blue jacket, the man bowed, and went out, with as beaming a smile as if he had been treated with the utmost courtesty. little the beatman and the utmost courtesy; little the boatman cared how the haughty lawyer received or dismissed him, so that the young lady's message met the reception she desired.

The man had been gone perhaps half an hour;

"you now wear a talisman which will succor you in your darkest moment. Patience, and in that moment reveal the sign! And now, breve lady, fare thee well; the God of the Moslem go with thee!" added he, relinquishing her and hiding his hand once more in his bosom.

Her imperial purple eyes rested one moment in solemn inquiry and gratitude upon him, then the scowling emir thrust his pawing steed between, and, catching her bridle-rein, next instant, the little band were up and away like birds on the wing, and away like birds on the wing, and brought in his mail; Branthope had read his half dozen letters, and was looking over a magazine, whose leaves he was leisurely cutting, being again entirely alone, having sent the boy with a message to Wall street, when there was another knock—not deprecatory this time, but imperative.

Not waiting for an answer, the door immediately opened wide, and Maxwell sprung to his feet in astonishment, as Senor Martinique stood bare and that I want to punish her, I'd let the vixen go. She certainly is not worth the trouble was nother whose leaves he was leisurely cutting, being again entirely alone, having sent the boy with a message to Wall street, when there was another knock—not deprecatory this time, but imperative.

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but imperative.

Not waiting for an answer, the door immediately opened wide, and Maxwell sprung to his feet in astonishment, as Senor Martinique stood

your cousin my wife."

Truly, the way of the transgressor is hard; there was more alloy than he had looked for in Branthope's gold. The tone of his visitor was threatening; he could not doubt but that the papers the other held would be used against

threatening; he could not doubt but that the papers the other held would be used against him.

"You ought to know that I am not a gentleman to be trifled with," continued Martinique, in a voice not raised in the least from its usual low cadence, yet there was a click in it like the click of a revolver, and his smile, as he turned upon his whilom friend, was the smile of a tiger. "When I entered into a compact with you, I expected you to fulfill it to the letter."

"I tried to do so."

"You did not—begging your pardon; else when you learned of your cousin's existence, you would have informed me as soon as possible." I shall hold you responsible."

Branthope was in a dilemma. There was no amount of duplicity which would avail him any better than the truth, so he concluded to give his true reasons.

"Well, the fact is, senor, the girl had mecompletely. You remember it was the most important part of our bargain that I was to be allowed to come into possession of my uncle's property. Well, Uncle Peter died under the shock of Margaret's loss, and the will remained in her favor; but I, being next of kin, and she being dead and buried, according to all belief, there was nothing to prevent the consummation of my purpose. Now, when it turned out that my cousin was not dead, of course I shook in my shoes. She was sharp enough to know that she had me in her power, and the willful girl actually threatened me with exposure, and to reduce me to a pentiless condition, just as I was of my purpose. Now, when it turned out that my cousin was not dead, of course I shook in my shoes. She was sharp enough to know that she had me in her power, and the willful girl actually threatened me with exposure, and to reduce me to a penfiless condition, just as I was about to make proposals to my present wife. The only condition upon which she would let me off was that I should promise not to inform you that she lived. I was forced to promise. You could not have done otherwise, in my place, senor. Every thing was at stake with me. You must see that I would have far rather had it otherwise. If I could have placed her in your hands, where she belongs, even after giving my promise the other way, I should have done it. You must see that it would be much more agreeable to me. It's not pleasant to have her in this city, playing the part of flower-maker, seamstress, haby-fender, and the Lord knows what. It worries me. I sincerely hope you may secure ther this time, and force her to enjoy her good fortune as the wife of a rich, as well as adoring husband," and Branthope attempted a laugh.

"You knew that she had left that house?" repeated the senor.

"Upon my word and honor, I did not."

Again the sneer on the Southerner's face

Again the sneer on the Southerner's face.

"Well, can not you make a guess as to where she has fled? Knowing her former haunts as well as you did, can not you give me some Branthope remembered the boatman who had brought the note from Lucille not an hour be-fore. For a moment he hesitated; but just then

was more afraid of the senor than ne was more arrand of the send than of his cousin. "See here," he said, pulling the note from his pocket, "your presence in the city explains something. She must have suspected it," and he handed the missive to his companion.

"She asked for quite a sum. I understand it.
She wishes to flee to some other country. I'll
cage my beautiful bird yet, no matter how
swiftly she flies, nor whither she wings her way. Maxwell, it's the *spirit* of the creature ascinates me. If she had been like the rest Why, Maxwell, he was that fascinates me. If she had been like the rest of her sex I should have given her up long ago. But such will—such fire! and then, she hates me so. Why, all my life long, the women have been after me. It's novel, it's charming, to have been after my. Only, le diable, I wish she says run away. Only, le diable, I wish she says run away. been after me. It's novel, it's charming, to have one run away. Only, te diable, I wish she wouldn't keep it up so long. Sewing, ha! making artificial flowers! How desperately she must hate me. Is angry at the little artifice I used to gain her, no doubt. When she is once safely caged, I will coax her to pardon me." He was walking up and down again, talking more to himself than to Branthope, who gazed at him as much surprised at the strange mixture of tender. much surprised at the strange mixture of tenderness and vindictiveness in his visitor's words, and at the strength of his continued passion for Margaret, as he had been at the stern determination of his cousin never to yield herself to the love of this man. In his own shallow nature there was no quelity which would settein a part

there was no quality which would sustain a part Suddenly Martinique came out of his rhapsody, and inquired how long since the note came,

who brought it, etc.

"The same person with whom she stopped last year, doubtless," he remarked, after obtaining an answer. "Nichols told me about them. There is the place, in all the world, to look for her wighly tree, before the week the stopped. her, quickly, too, before she uses her means to get out of the city. She will buy a passage-ticket for some steamer," he added, musingly.

"I don't know about that; she wrote to me

two or three days ago that she thought some of going West—to St. Louis."

"A blind. You are easily deceived, Maxwell.
But about this confounded canal-boat. It's not where it was last winter; in fact, that boat was destroyed this summer by fire; but the boatman must have a situation on some other similar affair. What plain sailing we should have had if you had sent some one to follow him,

I did not then realize the necessity. I sup-

posed I knew my cousin's residence."
"Ay, that fool, Nichols, spoiled everything. I told him to show me the house, but in his impudence he spoke to her. I was across the way in the shadow, but her sharp eyes must have sus-pected my vicinity. When I called at that house, at eight the next morning, and asked for Lucille Meriden, I was told that she had left, in a very unsatisfactory manner, before daybreak that morning, while none but the servants were astir. I should have known better than to have allowed her one instant from my sight, after the experience I have had of her. But I had no idea that

Maxwell sliently wished that Senor Marting before him as sonishment, as Senor Martinique stood before him.

"Why, senor, is it possible? how do you do?" he exclaimed in some embarrassment, but affecting a cordial air as he went forward with extended hand.

"I will not touch your hand until you have explaimed yourself, sir," said the visitor, closing the door behind him, and turning the key. "Tell me, where is my wife?" he excited hand.

"She is at home in the same block with ours! believe," said Branthope, forgetful of his oath to Margaret, in the excitement of the moment, and almost blanching before the fierce air of the intruder.

"She is not there, and you know where she is! Do not attempt to deceive me. I will bear nothing from you, nothing."

"If she is not there, I do not know anything of her whereabouts."

"You assisted her to evade me, knowing that I was about to claim my rights as her usband."

"You assisted her to evade me, knowing that I was about to claim my rights as her baband."

"You are mistaken, Senor Martinique. I never dreamed of your being within a thousand miles.

"And doubtless hoped that I never would come any nearer," secret the senor, his black eyes emitting very unpleasant lightning, as he began to walk up and down the floor. "You have known, for nearly a year, that the woman I married, and whom I supposed dead, was alive, and living in concealment to avoid meyet you have taken no steps to inform me of the fact. This is neither the spirit nor the letter of the contract between no steps to inform me of the fact. This is neither the spirit nor the letter of the contract between no steps to inform me of the contract between no steps to inform me of the fact. This is neither the spirit nor the letter of the contract between no steps to inform me of the fact. This is neither the spirit nor the letter of the contract between the floor. "You have known, for nearly a year, that the woman I married, and whom I supposed dead, was alive, and living in concealment to avoid me, yet you have taken n

was power not purvented.

Lucille's eyes had moistened as well as her lips winst silled over this letter; she was deeply attached to her lowly friends, and the message came in

"Lent it to the pawnbroker the time you got your new dress, mother. But I'll go after it as soon as his shop's open."
"Don't you cry, my dear; 'Zeke can shoot like anything, an' he's bound to purtect you with his life."

Lucille could not help laughing, now; and the laugh and the cry did her overwrought feelings much good.

We are afraid Mrs. Griggs, in her love of the

We are afraid Mrs. Griggs, in her love of the romantical, enjoyed the situation full as much as she pitied Miss Lucille. If she did, she would not acknowledge it even to herself; these were good friends to the otherwise friendless girl; and the three, as they gathered about the breakfast, which was soon prepared, discussed the manner in which Lucille could most safely and swiftly leave the country, since it was her determination to take this step in the hope of avoiding future persecution.

CHAPTER XIV

THE MYSTERIOUS PASSENGER THERE MYSTERIOUS PASSENGER.

THERE was a good deal of pleasant excitement among the first-cabin passengers of one of the regular mail steamers plying between New York and Liverpool, when four or five days out on her passage to England, in the month of January, 1858. There were more of these, too, than might have been expected at that season of the year, which was partly accounted for in the fact of there being a theatrical company on board. Some other circumstances company on board. Some other circumstances combined to make the steamer nearly as crowd-

combined to make the steamer hearly as crowded as during her summer trips.

The occasion of the present excitement was the proposal of the troupe above mentioned to get up a play, for one or two evenings, for the benefit of a poor gentleman in the second cabin who was dying of consumption, watched patiently by his faded and care-worn wife. They had taken this seavourge by advice of his they had taken this sea-voyage by advice of his physician; but their poverty was so apparent, and it seemed so probable that the man would die, leaving his wife a widow in a foreign land, that some kindly-feeling individual proposed to the some kindiy-teeling individual proposed to the star actor to arrange a performance, charge a good round price, and bestow the proceeds on the invalid. The proposition met with favor on all sides. The passengers were on the qui vive for something new, and the actors were well

disposed.

We will call the star performer Kemble Kellogg. His real name has become historical, but this answers our purpose here. He was already known on both continents, although then not twenty-seven years of age. Added to pre-emi-nent intellectual gifts he had that of great per-sonal beauty. His features were like those of some marble god, his complexion pale, yet glow-ing, seldom flushing, and then hightening the ef-fact of the mount beyond describing as ing, seldom husning, and then hightening the effect of the moment beyond describing—eyes that were really, when seen in sunlight, very dark blue, but which were generally believed to be black—beautiful shining eyes; that is, eyes which seemed to give forth light from within, not reflect it. He was, of course, the lion of the boat; but he bore himself more modestly then is common with his profession grading than is common with his profession, spending the most of his time quietly reading, and when solicited to do the good deed, yielding from mo-tives of pure benevolence. It really was a condescension in him, who never played except to crowded houses and at extravagant prices; but having consented, he entered into it as heartily as if he had all New York or London to flatter

him.
On the after-dinner hour, when the affair had been decided upon, there arose a discussion as to ways and means. The manager was willing to get out some of his properties if his baggage could be reached; all was animation and gay excitement, which is enjoyed to perfection only on a sea-voyage when something occurs to vary the monotour.

Mr. Kellogg was allowed the choice of a play being the principal actor, he must be allowed to choose his role. Hamlet, Othello, The

Lady of Lyons, Romeo and Juliet, were all discussed.
"If I had a Juliet, I would play Romeo," said

the young actor, at last, when the discussion had reached its hight. The leading lady pouted and put on a coque's

tish air; but as she was over forty, and a miserable Juliet, as he had occasion to know, he paid no attention to her injured feelings. ence I have had of her. But I had no idea that she saw me; nor that she would leave that place before eight o'clock of a winter's morning. If it ingly, and with that, he walked straight up to

-E--- WARRING TOURNAUGH-E----

a young lady who sat quietly listening, bowed, and said:

"I do not even know your name, mademoiselle, and as you have no friends with you, I can not get an introduction, except from the captain; but, waiving ceremony, I know, from the very expression of your face at this moment, that you are the lady we want. Will you take the part of Juliet?"

the part of Juliet?"

"I have never taken a part, even in private theatricals," answered the lady, "but if I thought I could sustain the character allotted to

me, nothing would give me more pleasure."

She spoke very low, but eagerly, and her cheeks, which had been pale, became rose-red.

"Oh, thank you, sincerely. You will have to study hard, mademoiselle, if we take but two

study hard, mademoiselle, if we take but two days to get up the play."

"Call me Miss Ovington, if you please,"—(poor Margaret! still another change of name!) "I know every word of the play, Mr. Kellogg,"

"Is it possible?" regarding her with mingled admiration and astonishment, "yet you have never taken the part? You must be a good student of Shakspeare. But I knew you were an enthusiast, the moment I looked at you—days azo."

Their eyes met in a glance which lingered even while it should not, since so many eyes were up on them; but in that instant they became friends

on them; but in that instant they became friends, far better acquainted with one another than many whose acquaintance extends over months. He had noticed the beautiful, melancholy, and solitary girl from the hour of their departure from the docks. Indeed, his curiosity had been excited by her in that hour. No sooner was the ship under full headway than she had come on deck, and leaning on the railing, as he supposed, to shed a few tears at the sight of the retreating shore, had said, instead, in a low voice, to hershore, had said, instead, in a low voice, to herself: "Thank God! oh, thank God!" and when he had, by stratagem, caught a glimpse of her face, he had seen it illumined by a rapture of

It was not the strangeness of this, nor the fact It was not the strangeness of this, nor the fact of her being unattended, nor that that first feeling of safety settled down into a quiet that was like deep sadness which had so greatly attracted him toward her. It was partly these, and partly that he suspected some romance in her case, and, more than all, her youth and beauty, and a certain expression of controlled excitement and energy, which gave character to her faultless face, which fascinated him. Many a time when he appeared absorbed in his book, he had been looking over the top of it at the lonely girl-passenger. She had been equally fascinated by him. Evidently modest and retiring to the last degree, still his eyes had often met her earnest gaze. He, who had for years been an object of attention wherever he moved, was not surprised at this, though he was certain there was something in her gaze beyond mere curiosity.

He could not make it out—it was a yearning, questioning, eager look, but turned from him so suddenly when his own met it, that he had not

stidenty when his own met it, that he had not time to fathom it.

It did seem to Margaret as if fate had guided her steps into the very path she sought, when she heard, shortly after the ship had passed the Narrows, that there was a theatrical company on board. The strange joy with which she had listened to the splashing of the mighty wheel and the puffing of the laboring engine, every stroke of which sent her further from what she feared and hated, calming down, at length, into a sense of her perilous and lonely position, going, as she was, without friends or protectors, to a strange city, to adopt a dubious calling, had almost crushed her with a weight of apprehension. But she had suffered too much not to have something of the strength which comes of endurance. And she had far too much at stake to allow of her faltering now. No, she would perdurance. And she had far too much at stake to allow of her faltering now. No, she would persevere, and would win success by force of will. She would be free—oh, yes, and happy! In the absorbing duties and delights of the profession she had chosen, she would find happiness. Since she was bound by an iron chain from love, she would at least be famous. Yet, what if she really had no talent for the stage?—this was a dreary question, which always left her despondent.

ent.

Every day since the voyage began, she had resolved upon making advances to the ladies of the company, confessing to them that she was going abroad to study for the stage, and asking their advice and direction, perhaps offering to pay for instruction and pretection. She knew that the leading lady was the wife of the manager, and that, probably, she would be the very person to consult; but timidity, as well as the fear of some crushing disappointment, had held her back, until the scheme of a play on ship-board was proposed, and Mr. Kellogg offered her a leading part.

Was there not fate in it?
It would be strange if Margaret did not think

The manager's wife was not bad-hearted, though a little envious at first; as soon as she had conquered this ugly feeling, she gave Margaret all the assistance in her power, and that, in a sisterly way. Juliet's costumes were brought forth from her own trunks, and as much instructions in the technicalities of the stage crowdtions in the technicalities of the stage crowded into the next twenty-four hours as could be comfortably accomplished. Never had teacher

ed into the next twenty-four hours as could be comfortably accomplished. Never had teacher before so eager and quick a pupil.

Margaret had discreetly resolved to say nothing of her plans for going on the stage, until she saw how she succeeded in this first attempt, so providentially thrown in her way.

There was much laughter and enjoyment while arranging the details of the performance. It would seem as if they had attempted too much, when the balcony seene was considered with regard to the hight of the cabin ceiling, but as no one expected the accompaniments to be perfect, and as the chief desire of the expected audience was to hear the celebrated Kemble Kellogg, all minor matters were chaitfably ignored.

It was but a play, truly, to all the others engaged—to all on board the ship, except the poor couple for whose benefit it was, and for Margaret. To her it was life, hope, all, every thing! Kellogg watched her secretly with wonder, and with a growing belief in her powers; but even he little suspected the fever of excitement which beat in her veins, so that she scarcely ate or slept.

slept.

The eventful evening arrived.

"You'll do nicely, dear, for an amatchure," said the leading lady, condescendingly, as she helped to attire the trembling girl, with a twist of the word "amateur" peculiar to the profession. Margaret expected to do more than "nicely," but she was not certain of it.

"At all events, her beauty will reconcile the audience to all deficiencies," thought Kellogge.

Such of the second-class passengers as were willing to purchase tickets were invited to attend; so that, considering the space in the cabin reserved for the stage, there was a fearful state of suffocation, and the crowd overflowed the doors, and paid for the privilege of looking in at the windows, and all were merry, and in the best of humors with themselves and the players. Indeed, it seemed as if they enjoyed the discomforts and absurdities of the occasion far more than they would the most elegant surroundings. The weather was calm as summer, mild and

handsome, gay and gallant, and it would have than they would the most elegant surroundings. The weather was calm as summer, mild and pleasant; all things propitious.

There was a passenger on board the ship who had not yet made his appearance in the cabin. But few were aware of such a person being on board—no one but the officers of the ship and the servants who attended upon him. The gentleman appeared to remain ill, despite the fair weather, and the fact that even the worst cases of sea-sickness had convalesced, by this, the eighth day out. Occasionally he had straggled out on deck, wrapped to the eyes; but even this was generally in the evening, when he would sometimes lean by a window of the cabin, looking in on his fellow-voyagers, to none of whom he had yet spoken. His eyes, on such occasions, never failed to rest longest on the pale, fair face of the young lady passenger. The last two nights he stayed longer than usual, watching her as she read from the same book as young Kellogs, or looked into his eyes, while attending to the minute instructions he gave her. On the

evening of the performance, he declined a seat in the cabin, which the captain kindly urged up-on him, believing him to be an invalid, saying that the close air would be sure to make him ill, but he bought a dozen tickets for the privilege of a window near the stage. Through that window, for the next two hours, his keen eyes kept constant watch on what transmission.

a window near the stage. Through that window, for the next two hours, his keen eyes kept constant watch on what transpired.

As the play progressed, the enthusiasm of the audience kindled beyond all expectation. They knew that they should like Romeo—he was great, the world acknowledged it, and in beholding his power they only enjoyed what they had anticipated. But this young Juliet—this lovely, trembling, impassioned child of nature and of love, who seemed so very like the Juliet of the Capulets, that even Romeo himself forgot the illusion, and played as if he, in truth, were Romeo, and she his love—she took them by surprise, she won them, charmed them, deluded them again and again, so that when some change of scene broke the spell, they drew deep breaths, and began such a roar of applause that it was as if a storm had arisen. Ay, Juliet, for you are those sweet rounds of encouragement! As she realized it, her own enthusiasm deepened; she no more thought of fear or timidity—she became the heroine so really, that, at times, the audience and the world were as if they were swept away—there was nothing existing outside of herself and Romeo, and the actors who played their little parts about them. No grand theater in the world ever saw that tragedy better acted than it was on that night, in the cabin of that ship.

When all was over, Margaret felt as if she had awakened out of a dream of some far Paradise. All about her appeared unfamiliar. She was faint and worn out, now that the great thought which had upheld her no longer supported her. She had been before the curtain three times, bowing before a tempest of applause. Now the captain was calling, in his deep sea-tones, for the trumpery to be cleared away, that he might finish the grand success of the night with a supper. In the midst of the confusion, Mr. Kellogg came to her and took her cold hands a moment in his own.

"I must add my meed of praise to the others,"

to her and took her cold hands a moment in his own.

"I must add my meed of praise to the others," he said; "the whole world ought to have witnessed your acting, instead of this handful of people, Miss Ovington. And you call yourself an amateur. You were born for the stage!"

"Do you think so? do you truly say so?" she asked, tears beginning to trickle down her face.
"Oh, I'm so glad! I must tell you, now, Mr. Kellogg, before my courage forsakes me, that I hoped this was the case. Indeed, I am going to London for the sole purpose of studying for the stage."

London for the sole purpose of studying for the stage."

"Is this possible? Then let me assure you of certain success. This night has determined it. I am a judge, you will permit me to say. You have genius, Miss Ovington, and that, with your energy and your beauty, includes all. I must speak with you further about this."

"Oh, thank you. I consider myself very fortunate in having taken passage with you and Mrs. Matthews. It has not only given me this opportunity of trying my powers, but of asking advice and gaining needed information. I feel that I must secure Mrs. Matthews for a friend."

"Do try to secure me, too," he said, gayly, with one of his brightest smiles; then, after a moment's silence, he whispered:

"I have no right to say it, Miss Ovington, knowing as little about you as I do, but you will always be Juliet to me, after this night—always. I cannot forget it—it was not acting on my part.

I cannot forget it—it was not acting on my part.
And I cannot separate you, now, from the character. Juliet—my Juliet! Don't think this the extravagance of an actor accustomed to light avowals. I speak as Romeo, and yet as myself.
Why, Juliet, every word that I said to you there on the beloone."

on the balcony—"
"Hush! I am sure you forget yourself, and what is due to me," she whispered, frightened at his earnestness, and fighting down the rising agitation of her own heart. "Do not speak to me again to-night, Mr. Kellogg, To-morrow I will tell you something of my history. If we are to become friends, you ought to know it at once," with a sad smile.
"Friends! I shall not be satisfied—"
She put her finger on her lips and turned

She put her finger on her lips and turned way. Mrs. Matthews was ready to take her

away. Mrs. Matthews was ready to take her under her sisterly wing.

During the feasting and gayety, which was kept up until twelve o'clock, Margaret wore her dress as Juliet, but there was a bright rose on either cheek which showed she had risen from the tomb of the Capulets with new life in her

CHAPTER XV.

CHAPTER XV.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

THE crisis of our life always comes upon us suddenly. If we expected it, prepared for it, perhaps it would not come. The Margaret who lay, late the next morning, in her berth, looking out upon the gliding, cold blue waves which ran on past the little round window of her stateroom, was not the Margaret of yesterday. A great change had come over the whole world, as far as her part in it was concerned. The success of the previous evening, the more than encouraging words of the actors, especially Mr. Kellogg's, had given her the assurance that she had rightly interpreted her own gifts when she made up her mind to go on the stage. Not only did this fill her with delight, but she no longer felt friendless and helpless. Instead of having to this fill her with delight, but she no longer felt friendless and helpless. Instead of having to seek what she wanted, a stranger in a vast city, at great risk of being imposed upon, overcharged, and discouraged, she would enter London along with powerful friends, who would not only give her the assistance of their advice, but would see that she was placed in the way which would lead most quickly to the wished-for goal. As she lay there, resting after the excitement of the previous days, it was difficult to believe, too

see that she was placed in the way which would she lay there, resting after the excitement of the previous days, it was difficult to believe, too suddenly, in this prosperity.

Yet it was not even of this she thought most. Romeo's last words to his Juliet; how could she recall those without burning cheeks and a high-beating heart? Rash, hasty words, which were, by this time, perhaps, repented of. But he had felt them when he said them! she was certain of that. What did her own heart say in reply? As well try to analyze each separate rose of a June month of roses as to analyze the feelings which made up the sweetness, warmth, perfume, enchantment which bloomed into sudden summer in her breast. In vain she clouded over the buds of a new passion, with the memory that it was —that it must be, all in vain. When the summer sun shines, the flowers will open; beneath the warmth of Romeo's eyes all the sweetness of her nature unclosed into vivid life. We have said that, long before, her girlish love for Branthope had changed into contempt—sometimes, when she thought how wretched he had made her, into hate. Now, as she reviewed her cousin's character, contrasting it with that of Mr. Kellogg, it showed so shallow, so uncultivated, as to arouse her wonder how she could ever, even in the freshest days of inexperienced girl-hood, have admired and looked up to him. She need not have wondered at that—neither that she had outgrown him. He was the only gentleman with whom she had ever associated, excepting queer, dear old Uncle Peter; he was handsome, gay and gallant, and it would have been strange if she had not admired and adored him. Now her own nature had deepened and strengthened with trials and knowledge of the world, she knew something of her own intellectual powers, of what she was and would like to

—he and she would both understand there could never be anything more than friendship. This resolve gave her a dignity, which almost awed the glowing, audacious delight in the actor's eyes, as they met hers over the breakfast-table. He was accustomed to success in all his undertakings; flattered always, he fully expected to be as happy and prosperous in his love as all else. Meeting throngs of women in every class of society, who praised and petted him, he had been astonished at himself for allowing his heart and fancy to be taken cantive by this quiet, unand fancy to be taken captive by this quiet, un

and fancy to be taken captive by this quiet, unknown girl.

"Never mind," he had mused, on his part, "after what we saw of her powers last night, I shall have reason to be proud of her. She will be as great in her way as I am in mine. She is a lady, and well educated, and that she is innocence itself, I could swear. She has promised me a history of her life. Very well. I will be discretion itself until after I have heard it."

The tenor of his musings ran thus; but then these musings were overrun by a thousand others, not to be put in words—a jungle of tropical richness, full of birds that would sing and flowers that would burst into beauty, until he had gone to breakfast with his thoughts and feelings in a perfect chaos, over which happiness sung triumphant, and those elegant eyes had flashed their joy into the serious ones of Juliet.

After breakfast they walked together on the hurricane deck for a long time; other couples were promenading also, for the day was delightfully calm and warm for the season; Margaret, realizing that as an unvertented womes, she

were promenading also, for the day was delightfully calm and warm for the season; Margaret, realizing that, as an unprotected woman, she ought to be doubly careful as to her conduct, would not have made herself conspicuous by walking alone with him. Surrounded by a dozen others, she still found opportunity to tell him the little story she had promised; he listening to it eagerly, breathing to himself certain stage imprecations, when she came to the marriage. After that he remained absolutely quiet to the end, giving no token of approval or disapproval, as she went on, in faltering accents, with the history of her sad and desperate struggle to avoid the man who had a legal right to her as his wife. her as his wife

their slow walk; she, looking up hastily into his face, feeling as if the ocean wind had suddenly grown chilly, and the sun set at noon; for his silence, and the fixedness of his features, as she read them in that hasty glance, condemned

her.
"So this execrable cousin of yours is your true
Romeo?" was the first remark with which he

Romeo?" was the first remark with which favored her.
"Was—not is. That is, I, in my seclusion hains thrown always in his "Was—not is. That is, I, in my seclusion and inexperience, being thrown always in his society, fancied that I loved him. But he, forunately, in one sense, put his foot upon the fancy—crushed the spring-blossom. I detest him far more heartly than I ever loved him. Were I now compelled to choose between him and the man to whom he betrayed me, I scarcely know which would be most intolerable. He is married to a loving wife whom he does not deserve, and is flourishing upon my property."

does not deserve, and is nourishing upon my property."

Her companion's brow clouded; he laughed a little, as he said:

"My poor child, you have been making a little goose of yourself all this time. If, instead of this desperate hiding and secrecy, you had at once taken the matter into court, you would have been free love are your exteter returned. have been free long ago, your estates returned to you, and you, wealthy and happy, besieged in your Anglo-American villa by armies of suitors, warring for your hand and fortune."

"Is it true the law would have annulled the

marriage?"
"Without doubt. You would not have had
the least trouble. I am astonished that no one the least trouble. I has so advised you.

has so advised you."

"Alas! I never consulted any one but poor, ignorant Zekiel Griggs. I was so afraid of being kidnapped that I never, for a moment, drew a free breath. Ah, what a life I have led these weary months!" drawing a breath, as if resolved, now, at length, to inspire freedom with the

He looked into her face with gentle compassion, mingled with that sort of scorn which men feel for the ignorance and helplessness of women; she had suffered, he did not doubt that, when, at any time, she could so easily and righteously have shaken off her burden. "There is but one thing to do now," he ad-

ded, presently.
"What is that?"
"Return to New York by the next steam
"Return to New Practiced upon you at testify to the fraud practiced upon you at the hour of the marriage, and obtain the annulment of the unholy contract."

Are you certain that I should have no diffi-

"Are you'certain that I should have no difficulty?"

"None at all. Any judge in the land will decide in your favor at once. Claim your estates from that rascally cousin."

"I shall be so sorry for his innocent wife!" said Margaret, tears beginning to roll down her face, so that she had to turn from the other promenaders to conceal them.

"Is that all that makes you cry?"

"No, not all. I was beginning to feel so safe—and happy. I was congratulating myself upon having made a friend like Mrs. Matthews, who would aid me at the beginning of the new career naving made a friend like life. Matthews, who would aid me at the beginning of the new career I have chosen. My old terror comes back when I only think of returning to New York. I don't care for the fortune—indeed, I would rather Branthope should have it. Don't you think I shall be able to make my living, by the time my few hundreds of dollars are exhausted?—them I need not go back to America and I need not go back to America, and thope's wife will never know he has de

A playful and tender smile met her as she looked up.

"Are you quite certain that you shall never

wish to marry?"

"I had not thought so far as that," she replied, blushing.

"Just like a woman, again." "But there will be time, if the necessity should

ever arise—"
"No—the best time is now. Besides, I should think you would joyfully do or suffer any temporary thing to procure a final release from this haunting possibilty which has so

troubled you."
"Oh, I would! I would walk round the earth,

troubled you."

"Oh, I would! I would walk round the earth, barefoot. But, my hopes have been so raised, since last night, that—it seems—very hard to abandon the prospect—of such assistance."

Still he smiled, more and more brightly. He appeared so perfectly unconcerned, while she felt so disappointed and miserable; she trie! to conquer the agitation which increased under his observation, She knew that she ought to be glad at this unlooked-for prospect of release—a release which would not only relieve her of a horrible dread, but would be greatly to her advantage in her future career, as leaving her free to go wherever the demands of the profession called her, without the expectation of being at any moment confronted by one who had power to tear her away. She was glad and thankful to Mr. Kellogg that he had pointed out the way, yet her present disappointment was keen. With him she had felt bold, and able to meet any fate—left again alone, she knew what tremors of dread and despondency would beset her.

"You do not abandon it, dear child. This trip, which I propose, will scarcely consume six weeks of your time, and then you will have returned to London, a free woman, with means to command respect and attention, and with all your friends eagerly waiting to take you by the hand. We shall not lose sight of you; we shall write and keep you informed of our doings and whereabouts; and when you come, we will give you a welcome which shall, on a small scale, represent that which awaits you from London and the world. Why, my dear Juliet, I am impatient for the time to arrive when we shall appear together. Imagine the sensation! fancy the reports in the morning papers! Do you still weep, Juliet? Well, then I shall say more than

Before she left her state-room she had resolved to tell Mr. Kellogg every particular of her past life, that there might be no misunderstanding about their relations. If her story made him her friend, that was much—a great gain to her—he and she would both understand there could here the anything more than friendship. This paper he anything more than friendship. This I intended to-day. I had determined to be cool and cautious, and what the world calls 'prudent.' But who can think of prudence in connection with you, Juliet? I shall always call you Juliet. I must tell you that I shall, in this dreary interval, always be living over our last night's experience. I shall never play Romeo again with any other lady, no matter how loudly the people call for it. That play is henceforth sacred to you and me. There is not a word in it too impassioned to express me—it is not half what I would say, if there were more or better words to say it in! What is it, after all, but what may be resolved in the little sentence better words to say it in What is it, after all, but what may be resolved in the little sentence—I love you! I do love you, Margaret or Juliet, and when you come back to me from America, with that little document attesting your release, I mean to marry you off-hand—that is, if I read your eyes aright last night."

"I don't know what my eyes said, Mr. Kellogg," spoke Margaret, looking up firmly, "but this I know—we must not even whisper of such things while I am bound to another. Wait until I am free—then—oh—"

until I am free—then—oh—"
"What, my Juliet?"
The sudden light and splendor over her coun-

The sudden light and splendor over her countenance answered him.

"Not a word more now," she said. "But this I will tell you—how much it will strengthen me for the task before me, to know that, when it is over, some one waits to—"

"Be blessed beyond all men."

"And now, Mr. Kellogg, how much of this had I better confide to Mrs. Matthews?"

"Leave that to me, if you will. I will speak with her this day. I will tell her, plainly, that you and I are engaged."

"No, Mr. Kellogg. I am in earnest in what I said. We must wait until I am no longer another man's wife in name."

said. We must wait until I am no longer another man's wife in name."

"Very well. But I shall begin to think you Catharine the Shrew instead of my loving Juliet. I will tell her, then, that you are to join our profession, but that important business calls you back to New York for a few weeks; that she must be very kind to you, for my sake, as I have taken an immense fancy to you, and intend to patronize you to my heart's content when you come among us."

patronize you to my heart's content when you come among us."

Margaret smiled happily; troubled as she was by the venture yet before her, ere her feet could plant themselves on the golden shores of the future which lay in sight, she felt strong and brave in the consciousness that some one loved her and stood ready to defend her in case of danger. The dreadful loneliness of her life, since Uncle Peter's death, loomed up more gloomy than ever in the light of this new society; she was like another creature, now that she had

was like another creature, now that she had friends and something to hope for, apart from that sweetest promise of all, which, of itself, would have been enough to fill life with bliss.

"Let us call Mrs. Matthews now, and begin our confidence," she said, more prudent than he in anticipating remarks which might be made our confidence," she said, more prudent than he in anticipating remarks which might be made upon their prolonged interview. So the two approached the "leading lady," who, at this moment, was discussing with her husband the pros and cons of the case before them—which was a request, prepared by a committee, in the name of the whole, that last evening's entertainment be repeated this night, for the edification of the compeny, and the further benefit of the consumptive invalid. The manager was inclined to think he had exerted himself sufficiently; but his lukewarmness was gradually overcome by the ardor of the others, and it was soon arranged that the programme should be ge-enacted. This gave all parties enough to do for the remainder of the day. Margaret shut her eyes to the dreary journey before her, allowing herself only to remember that she had three days yet of happiness in the society of him who had so soon become of so much importance to her, and that this night she was to enjoy, for two brief hours (but in an hour a lifetime may be compressed) the enthusiasm, the strange pleasure and exaltation of soul and sense, which had accompanied her performance the previous evening—a state like that of a person etherealized by hasheesh into a heaven for which, in waking hours, there is no earthly counterpart.

Again the small audience sat and stood enchanted, overpowered by the acting of the lovers—lovers now in reality, and speaking from their hearts words which impressed each listener with a sense of truthfulness. Again slow tears dropped down even weather-bronzed cheeks when Romeo mourned over the corpse of Juliet, lying pale and breathless in its tomb. And again the

Romeo mourned over the corpse of Juliet, lying pale and breathless in its tomb. And again the unknown passenger, stationed at his window, watched the scene with furtive eyes, muttering at the death-scene, between his teeth, some words which, if the actors had heard, would have aroused even the dead Juliet from her untimely tomb.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 351.)

INEVITABLE

Behold that boy in apron blue, With auburn locks so soft and rich, And earnest eyes that look one through His toy-ship sailing in the ditch.

I know him well; he hath a love, A passionate hankering for the sea, All other hankerings above, And strong as life itself may be.

And sure as death, if he should live, Ere ten more summers tan the plain, This cottage by the ditch will give Another landsman to the main. Adrift on the Prairie:

THE ADVENTURES OF FOUR YOUNG NIMRODS.

BY OLL COOMES.

III. — GEORGE RETALIATES. — JIM'S LONG, LONELY VIGIL. WE shuddered at the revolting deed, and more

we shuddered at the revolting deed, and more than one hand sought a weapon to avenge the murdered squaw; but Uncle Lige seeing the movement, quickly arrested it.

"Silence, boys," he said, "don't budge a peg. The woman will be avenged if whisky did do the deed; besides it would only make matters

worse for us to tamper with the wild, drunken, mad devils—do you see that?'
We saw the sober Indians seize the murderer and drag him to the earth. We saw them bind him hand and foot, and after heaping indignities upon him, leave him there moaning and howling in his drunken fit.

The wild revel now changed to weening and

him hand and root, and atter heaping indignities upon him, leave him there moaning and howling in his,drunken fit.

The wild revel now changed to weeping and wailing over the murdered woman. A quietus was put upon the dance. The fire burned lower and fower—until only a dim twilight pervaded the encampment. We kept our watch for some time longer. All finally became quiet in camp. Now and then we could see a dusky shadow moving to and fro about the fire, like a figure in a panorama. Ever and anon a piercing, blood-curdling cry would thrill through the silent night from the lips of the drunken murderer, like the shriek of a demon.

Our curiosity satisfied to the highest degree, we returned to camp. We lit a lantern to dispel the gloom that seemed to lurk around us with murderous intent. We sat down in its light. Our faces must have worn a changed expression, for Uncle Lige smiled as he looked from one to the other.

"Boys," he finally said, with unusual seriousness in his voice, "you have seen something of the gipsy life of the friendly Indian, and that strong drink affects them the same as other people. I tell you whisky is an awful curse—it biteth like an adder and stingeth like a serpent. I am a rough old codger, and am called wicked in many respects, but I never touch a drop of the stuff unless for mechanical or medical purposes. I have seen too much of its badness—it's a curse. Now that poor devil of an Indian loved his squaw no doubt, but liquor got the best of him and killed her deader a door-nail, and, I dare say, his life 'll have to pay the forfeit."

"I hope he's the one that stole my swan," chimed in Jim, "and after they wallow him through that first slough of yours, they'll stick him into the other."

"Don't be too hard on him, Jeems," replied our guide; "he but follered the instinct of his nature when he stole your swan. But, boys, let what you have seen to night be a solemn admonstration." ition to forego strong drink."
"Unless for mechanical or medical purposes,"

"Unless for mechanical of medical purposes, said Jim.
"Exactly," responded Lige; "but, boys, it's time to turn in, and we must have a watch the night through."

Yes, it's now nearly eleven o'clock," said

"Yes, it's now nearly eleven octock," said Kemply, consulting his watch.
"Six hours to sleep," remarked Uncle Lige.
"One can stand guard until two o'clock and the other till sunrise; that'll divide the time. But I tell ye the fust watch will have to look sharp for fear them drunken devils come down here and murder us all.'

murder us all."

As Bob was suffering of inflammation of the eyes, and I being a little hard of hearing, it devolved upon Jim and George to keep the watch over camp. And now a bit of a discussion arose between them—though in the very friend-liest of spirits—as to who should take the first watch. Uncle Lige proposed that they decide the matter by lots, and in doing so, the first watch fell to George. It pleased Jim to beat George at anything they undertook, and so he indulged in a hearty good laugh over the result of casting lots. of casting lots.

Now, George," he said, assuming the role of "Now, George," he said, assuming the role of an adviser, "you must be careful—very careful—or you may lose your hair. Don't think you are on a coon-hunt down in the woods of Pennsylvania, a thousand or two miles from a pack of bloody Indians, for such is not the case. After two o'clock there'll not be much danger, for the red-skins will be sober by that time. But of all you do, be careful not to wake me a minute before the right time. See that your watch is with mine."

the before the right time. See that your watch is with mine."

They consulted their watches and found they were exactly together.

Before retiring, a fire was kindled for the benefit of our night-watch, for the air was somewhat chilly. An ample supply of fuel for the night was also provided.

With a mysterious smile upon his face, George took his post, while Uncle Lige, Bob and myself retired to a couch in our covered wagon, while Jim rolled himself in a buffelo robe and laid

retired to a couch in our covered wagon, while Jim rolled himself in a buffalo robe and laid down under the vehicle.

"Good-night, George," he called from the depths of his cover, "and mind that you keep a close watch, or off will go your raven locks."

"All right, Jeems," said George to himself. "I'll see something about this guard business. I owe you a lick for tampering with my gun the other night."

Silence fell upon the camp. Half an hour passed and Jim was sleeping soundly under the

other night."

Silence fell upon the camp. Half an hour passed and Jim was sleeping soundly under the wagon. His respirations were long and deep, and when he slept soundly, a clap of thunder would scarcely wake him. His dreams, however, must have been unpleasant, for he tossed about and struck out at imaginary foes. George watched him closer than he did the surrounding, and when assured he was asleep, he crept toward him with the stealth of an assassin. Reaching his side, he bent over him and peered down into his face. His breathing, or rather his snoring, was sufficient evidence of deep slumber. With a smile upon his boyish face, George reached down and carefully drew Jim's watch from his pocket. He opened it at the back and front. The hands indicated half-past eleven o'clock. George took the key, which was attached to the chain, and inserting it in the watch, turned the hands forward until they pointed the hour of two. This done, he closed the watch and returned it to its receptacle, and, walking to the fire, took out his own watch and turned it ahead until it corresponded with Jim's.

Then he turned and awoke the sleeping Nimrod. He knew that Jim would not know but that he had been sleeping for hours, hence his movements.

Jim scrambled out from under the waron.

movements.

Jim scrambled out from under the wagon, rubbing his eyes and muttering incoherently. His hair stood on end like the quills of a porcupine, and he looked drowsy and crabbed. Yawning a time or two, he advanced to the fire and consulted his watch. It was two o'clock to a migute.

"Just two o'clock," he growled. "You were devilish particular about waking me at the ex-

act second."

"I've had a long, lonely time of it, James, and am glad to count time by the seconds," replied George. "Now you want to be very careful, Jim, for I was sure I heard subdued voices in the woods awhile ago." And having thus cautioned his relief George retired to rest, taking the place so for I was sure I neard subdued voices in the woods awhile ago." And having thus cautioned his relief, George retired to rest, taking the place so recently vacated under the wagon.

Jim threw a blanket around his shoulders, and, lighting a cigar, sat down before the fire.

He had been there but a few minutes when a fearful sound smote his ears. He started, as though a bullet had wnizzed past his head. His face grew white and his eyes dilated as he turned and peered into the gloom. The remembrance of the horrible scene at the Indian camp, the terrible visions that had haunted his sleep, and now that dward unknown sound—all conand now that dread, unknown sound—all con-spired to fill his breast with vague terror. He was not a coward by any means; still he could not shake off that terrible spell we have all felt

not shake off that terrible spell we have all felt when alone in the depths of night, surrounded by unknown dangers.

That fearful sound was soon repeated. It seemed like the laugh of a demon; but the look upon Jim's face now relaxed into an expression of relief. He recognized the noise—it was the scream of a night-owl.

Jim sat down and consulted his watch. He had been on duty only half an hour, and yet it seemed an hour.

The moments were away into minutes. One

had been on duty only half an hour, and yet it seemed an hour.

The moments wore away into minutes. One, two, three hours passed. The watch told the hour of five, and yet there was no sign of light in the east. Jim had stood his three hours through, but, as it was not daylight yet, he made no complaint; he supposed a few minutes more would usher in the dawn. He heaped more fuel upon the fire, and lit a fresh cigar. He puffed away for half an hour; then he drew a pack of cards from his pocket and indulged in a game of solitaire. Another hour passed, and still there was no light appearing in the east. Jim wondered if there could be any thing wrong with the solar system. He knew his watch was right, for it had never failed him—it was a genuine American movement—morewatch was right, for it had never failed him—it was a genuine American movement—moreover, it corresponded with George's. He resolved he would not arouse any of his companions for fear they would construe his restlessness and impatience into a want of courage. If George could keep his watch through without complaint, he could, too; and so he sat down to another game of solitaire. Before he got half way through the game, he fell asleep sitting boit upright. His head rolled around upon his shoulders like a pivot; but presently a coal of fire snapped out and fell in his half-closed palm, and woke him with a sudden start. He looked up and glanced around him with a half guilty look, but seeing no one about, he sprung to his feet and began dancing around to drive away his stupor. He executed a few leaps backward, waltzed forward again, struck and sparred with an imaginary foe, and finally—consulted his watch.

an imaginary foe, and finally—consulted his watch.

Another hour had slipped away; it was seven o'clock, and still no light in the east.

He worried on, amusing himself the best he could, though he was completely puzzled over his watch and the non-appearance of day. Finally, however, his patience was rewarded by the discovery of a faint redness along the eastern horizon. When dawn ushered in the day, it was after eight o'clock, and the sum should have been over two hours high.

As soon as I arose Jim came to me and asked to see my watch. The day previous, and, in fact, ever since we had been Adrift, our watches had run on the same time, without varying a minute; but now there was just three hours difference in them!

"What in thunder does it mean?" exclaimed Jim. "She never went back on me before, and I—"

"No; but then you went back on my gun," said George, bursting into a peal of laughter.

Jim was no longer in a quandary now—he saw through the whole thing. He had been sold.



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Terms to Subscribers, Postage Prepaid

Gallant "Cavalier" Custer!

Readers of the SATURDAY JOURNAL will be pleased to have us announce that the delightful author of "Lance and Lasso," "Sword Hunters," etc., has prepared expressly for us the romantic story of the nantic life that went out so suddenly in the ter rible massacre of the Rosebud, viz.:

CAVALRY CUSTER:

From West Point to the Black Hills.

THE STORY OF A DASHING SOLDIER'S LIFE. BY THE AUTHOR OF "LANCE AND LASSO," "SWORD HUNTERS," ETC., ETC.

Not a formal biography at all, but a deeply interesting and familiar narrative of personal peculiarities, adventures and exploits of the young cavalryman whose career, so glorious, terminated so tragically in the Black Hills country, in last summer's campaign. It is so full of incident and story as to read more like a romance than as a virtual transcript from an American Boy's life history; and then it is full of information upon West Point Life. Army Life, Field Operations and Duty, Camp Life, Life in the Saddle with Saber and Carbine, Life on the Trail and Scout, etc., etc.-making it of twofold interest throughout. It will be a very welcome serial indeed.

Sunshine Papers. Patronomatology.

Fuzzy, Ducky, Pussy, Trotty, Sissy, Dolly, Baby, Tod, Pip, Pop, Tet, Snooksy, Suky, Toodles, Dory, Tootsy, Dode!

There! Who dare assert that the above is not a collection of sobriquets varied and startling enough to satisfy the most conscienceless admirer of the novel and ridiculous in nomenclar turns and to confound the comprehension of such

enough to satisfy the most conscienceless admirer of the novel and ridiculous in nomenclature, and to confound the comprehension of such occasional individuals as may cherish an absurd partiality for the classical? Yet this list is but small and tame, considered, even, as merely illustrative of the universality and preposterousness of the American fashion for nicknames.

American fashion! For in this utter contempt of baptismal appellations, and bestowal of strange pseudonyms, our nation seems to take the lead. In all the length and breadth of our land, where can the family be found who has had the heroism to resist the encroachment of that enemy to beauty and common sense, the insidious y or ie that converts our Saras, and Annas, and Charlottes, and Lilians, and Williams, and Thomases, and Johns, and Georges, into Sallie, and Annie, and Lottie, and Lillie, and Willie, and Tommie, and Johnnie, and Georgie? And the young Americans are few whose escape from nicknaming has been with that least variation of cognomens—the ie method of shortening, and belittleing, and rendering babyish their names.

If I seem to intimate that young Americans themselves often come to resent the familiarities taken with the names given them at their birth, I hope my readers will do them and me the justice to believe that the intimation is not an incorrect one.

There are many unjust and hypercritical per-

There are many unjust and hypercritical persons who affect to believe that the youth of the present day are quite devoid of ordinary common sense and entirely given over to a fanatical worship of the vain and frivolous. These persons will tell you that it is the worship of the vain and frivolous. These persons will tell you that it is the fault of young America itself, that it is thus afflicted by such strange contortionating of its names; that young America itself refuses to be called by any sensible name, preferring an abbreviation as more fashionable. But I fail to see how the infant, or tiny child, can be held responsible for the absurd nickname which parents or friends may bestow, and allow to cling to that child even after its owner has reached years approaching maturity; and I know of many young people who bitterly regret the bestowal of such sobriquets, and vainly, with mortification and disgust, endeavor to undo the work of habit and years.

undo the work of habit and years.

No person with any sense for the eternal fitness of things, love of the beautiful, or perception of the ridiculous, but will acknowledge that tion of the ridiculous, but will acknowledge that it is far more desirable to call a gentleman who has been named after that distinguished conqueror, Napoleon Bonaparte, by the entirety of his first name than to allow him to go through life known as Pole or Poly Brown. Think of a man, short, and stout, and fifty, being addressed, "Good-morning, Poly, old boy!" Knowing such a man, while still quite young, it always seemed to me that if ever his career should be somewhat questionable his pseudonym should be held responsible. Who would for a moment contend for superiority of beauty for Bertie, rather than Herbert! What can be more ludicrous than to hear a gentleman of prominence crous than to hear a gentleman of prominence and dignity hailed as Willie, or Tommie, or Charlie? And yet, not seldom, because of our

Charlie? And yet, not seldom, because of our American fondness for nicknames, are such incongruities forced upon our attention. As I write I recall many instances of this kind.

A certain middle-aged gentleman is scarcely conscious that he ever possessed any other name than the babyish one of Allie; while a young gentleman of handsome form and face, at twenty the subject of the properties of the propertie ty-seven, is known to all his friends by the horrible nickname of Dode; and a young lady—soon to be married, and established as "mistress of the manse"—is so invariably called Tootsie that perhaps not a dozen of her acquaintances know that her name is Mary Louise.

There may be a few uninitiated persons who will ask if any children really are called by such names as stand at the head of this article. My dear friends, strange as it may seem, each name is a literal one that I can translate into one, perhaps, more intelligible. Fuzzy is the nickname of a miss whose given name is Martha; from some little incident of her childhood the nickname was bestowed which has clung to her ever since, though she is now an interesting young lady in her teens. Vainly have her relations endeavored to correct the result of their nonsense; as Fuzzy, only, is she known to teachers, schoolmates and friends. In a similar manner was the name Ducky bestowed upon a child named Cyrus; and it was only by severe reproof and punishment that the boy, even in the family circle, was, at last, accorded his rightful name. While such pet terms as Sissy, Pussy, Baby, Dolly and Snooksy—for Gertrude, Constance, Eva, Caroline, and Ada, have clung to ladies of much masking, would to heaven we dare long after they have attained years of maturity and martonage. While such beautiful names as Bertha, Stanley, John, Douglas, Mabel, Lucille, There may be a few uninitiated persons who will ask if any children really are called by such names as stand at the head of this article. My

Edith and Theodore, we have known mutilated into Trottie, Tod, Pip, Pop, Tet, Suky, Toodles and Dory.

If any parent desires for his child future greatness, or that he shall be held in ordinary respect among his business and social compeers, let me entreat of him not to burden that child with a nickname in itself belittleing. Who could think of Charles O'Connor or William M. Evarts with the same degree of estimation in which we now hold those men if they were familiarly called Charlie O'Connor and Willie Evarts? And who would not shudder at hearing such titles as General Georgie Washington, Dannie Webster, Lyssie Grant, and Bob Lee?

How the very dignity and distinction of the men seem centered in such names as Oliver Cromwell, Thomas Jefferson, William H. Seward, William Cullen Bryant, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Alfred Tennyson, Horace Greeley, and Abraham Lincoln!

Let young Americans have their name, and have it in full, be it one of beauty, or association, or ancestry; but pray do not blast their careers by stigmatizing them with some ridiculously infantile appellation that will, in itself, seem to forbid all thought of fame or honor in connection with its owner.

A Parson's Daughters.

CROSSNESS.

WHEN you feel inclined to be cross, and desire When you feel inclined to be cross, and desire to scold, the best advice I can give you is, not to do it, because you will feel not one whit better yourself, and you will make the scolded person feel ten times worse. Perhaps you may never see the person again until you see him cold in death, and then you will feel sadly to remember your last words to him were unpleasant ones.

Have you ever read the following lines?

"How many go forth in the morning
That never come home at night!
And hearts have broken
For harsh words spoken,
That sorrow can ne'er set right."

That sorrow can ne'er set right."

It is better not to use these harsh words than to repent of having used them. We all have our faults and failings; human nature wills it so, and perhaps our misdemeanors and short-comings are more reprehensible than those of others which we are wont to condemn.

I don't think that people can lead a very happy life when they are scolded through it—scolded at school, scolded at home, scolded in the workshop, and scolded when they become husbands and wives. Who wouldn't sigh for the rest, peace and quietness of the grave? I know I should.

It seems to be the delight of some people to go

should.

It seems to be the delight of some people to go along growling through life, and I often think it a pity they were not born animals instead of human beings, as their growls so closely resemble their.

theirs.

This growling is caused simply because they want to have their own way too much, and they don't want any one else to have their way at all. It is but an exemplification of the old story of

don't want any one else to have their way at all. It is but an exemplification of the old story of the dog in the manger.

Writing of a dog reminds me that I have heard of one that growls at every passer-by, be he friend or foe. It is just as natural for that dog to growl as it is for a young lady to look pleasant when she is expecting her "dear Edward Augustus" to take her to a sleigh ride. I know of no earthly reason why this dog should make himself so disagreeable, unless it be that he takes an insane pleasure in growling and in making persons uncomfortable. If such be the case, the human growlers resemble him, for their growls must prove intensely interesting to themselves, else they would not indulge in them so often—however unpleasant they may be to others. They often grumble without cause, simply from a habit and love they have for growling and snarling. It would be hard to enumerate the topics that the growlers growl about; but, as a general thing, the weather comes in for its share, just as though they could prevent its changes by snarling and freting.

It is a fearfully bad habit to get into—this feel.

ing.
It is a fearfully bad habit to get into—this feel-It is a fearfully bad habit to get into—this feed-ng crazy and acting crazy upon every slight oc-asion. Pleasant manners are far more agree-able. Life is but short for any of us, and we don't want it made shorter by being worried out

f it.

Those who have troubles are better off by not

customers away! EVE LAWLESS.

A WORD ABOUT MARRIAGE.

A PHYSICIAN writes the following sensible advice: My profession has thrown me among women of all classes, and my experience teaches me that God never gave man a greater proof of his love than to place women here with him. My advice is: Go, propose to the most sensible girl you know. If she says yes, tell her how much your income is, from what source derived, and tell her you will divide the last shilling with her, and love her with all your heart in the bargain. And then keep your promise. My word for it, she will live within your income, and to your last hour you will regret that you did not marry sooner. Gentlemen, don't worry about feminine untruth. Just you be true to her, love her sincerely, and throw it up to her frequently, and a more fond, faithful, foolish slave you will never meet anywhere. You won't deserve her, I know, but she will never see it. Now throw aside pride and selfishness, and see what will come of it. A PHYSICIAN writes the following sensible adcome of it.

MASKS.

MOZART.

HIS sweetest song was the last he sang. "The Requiem." He had been employed upon this exquisite piece for several weeks, his soul filled with inspirations of richest melody, and already claiming kindred with immortality. After giving it its last touch, and breathing into it that undying spirit of song which was to consecrate it through all time as his "cygnean strain," he fell into a gentle and quiet slumber. At length, the light footsteps of his daughter Emilie awoke him. "Come hither," said he, "My Emilie—my task is done—the Requiem—my Requiem—is finished." "Say not so, dear father," said the gentle girl, interrupting him, as tears stood in her eyes, "you must be better—you look better, for even now your cheek has a glow upon it. I am sure we will make you well again—let me bring you something refreshing." "Do not deceive yourself, my love," said the dying father, "this wasted form can never be restored by human aid. From Heaven's mercy alone do I look for aid, in this, my dying hour. You speak of refreshment! My Emilie—take these, my last notes—sit down by my piano, here—sing them with the hymn of thy sainted mother—let me once more hear those tones which have been so long my solace and delight." Emilie obeyed, and with a voice enriched by tenderest emotion, sung the following stanza: "Spirit, thy labor is o'er!

Spirit, thy labor is o'er!
Thy term of probation is run—
Thy steps are now bound for the untrodden shore,
And the race of immortals begun,"

Foolscap Papers. Defeat of Whitehorn, the Republicrat Democan Candidate.

THERE, just as I didn't expect I wasn't elected President. Brown, my opponent, took 480 electoral votes, and I didn't even get half a one. I would have got a whole lot of them, but Brown took all there was. That was mean in Brown, wasn't it? Yes, indeed, I am ashamed of him, and he ought to be, too. It beats all the beats; it beats a whole garden full of beets, tops and all.

I spent seventeen dollars and forty cents in he *canvass* and didn't get a *show*—not even a ide-show. I will never come out for president

the canvass and didn't get a show—not even a side-show. I will never come out for president again, since I came so clear out this time. I wouldn't have been a candidate, but Mrs. White-horn wanted to be a president's wife;—she didn't care who it was, so he was president.

All my friends said I would run clear ahead of my ticket; yes, but I got too far past it. There is the trouble. If people had voted for me like they did for Brown, I would have been elected—there is some consolation in that, at least. Brown swept every State in the Union, and if there had been any more I suppose he would have taken them too. It would have been just like him.

The people of Iowa voted for me as one man—that is, I got one vote there. The people of Nevada went for me—they went for me bad. I could easily have carried the whole State of Rhode Island, if I could have got it on my shoulder. In Ohio there was a great mistake in the tickets; when it was too late it was discovered that every ticket which was voted had the wrong name on it—it was Brown's. Thus were my hopes dashed to the ground in that State. When I telegraphed to Kentucky to ask how she had gone, I received answer that they didn't know how she had gone, but she was gone. I lost every vote in the State of New Jersey, owing to a mistake in the spelling of the name Whitehorn on the tickets; it was spelled Brown. In Chicago the blacks intimidated the whites so that I didn't get a vote, with all the precincts heard from. The back counties of Minnesota are all in, and I find I came out well there—I'm clear out. I got an overwhelming minority in Oregon. Colorado sent word that it would support me—if I'd come out there and put up at the Infirmary.

My supporters in Arkansas would have carried the State but they depended on an 1876.

port me—if I'd come out there and put up at the Infirmary.

My supporters in Arkansas would have carried the State, but they depended on an 1875 almanac, and made a mistake in the day; and I would have carried Podunk with a large majority, but my constituents made a mistake in the voting place and got into a saloon. I lost Michigan, from the fact that they didn't vote enough for me, though they voted as much as they could, and because Brown's adherents circulated the report that I was a hundred and eight years old and owed my washerwoman a bill.

I would have had New York city with a handsome and good-looking majority, if thousands had not been deluded into putting their votes into the letter-boxes on the lamp-posts—this was a mean trick on the part of the other party.

I received a dispatch that my chances in Vermont would be splendid, but there were not

of it.

Those who have troubles are better off by not thinking of them, by always looking on the sumy side, and lighting up the souls and faces with good nature and cheerfulness.

Whiners beset your path, and tell you that "This country is going to the dogs, sir, just as fast as it can go;" or, "The people are degenerating, sir; there are no men living equal to our ancestors, and never will be again." Take my word for it, these words have been uttered years before we came into this world, and will be uttered hundreds of years after we have left it. When these whining speeches are made to me, I invariably say, "Why don't you take the time you are abusing the world and its inhabitants by being more usefully employed in striving to make the people better, and you, as one member of the world, endeavoring to make yourself better?" Maybe they don't think them selves as needful of reconstruction. Perhaps they think all are vile but themselves, Quite a pleasant thought that, isn't fit? You would think so by the way they seem to enjoy it.

But it is not profitable; it does not bring in good interest, and it would be a much better investment for us to smile on and applaud others' work than green at it and find fault with it. One of these groaners wanted no clerks in his store that ever made mistakes, for he said he had never committed one; but he was such a fault-finder and continual scolder, that his clerks stayed only a short time with him. At last the man failed in business, so he must have made one mistake. This mistake was a grievous one, and caused his failure. He actually scolded his customers away!

EVE LAWLESS.

In Brick county they thought at one time I had got one vote there, but a subsequent fair count showed it was a mistake. My relations live there and I didn't expect an overwhelming

alve there and I didn't expect an overwhelming majority there—I can get overwhelmed, however, without the majority.

The Returning Board of Indiana spanked me—that is the only board I'd care to settle. Of course Brown got enough of a majority there to divide with me and not feel it.

The returns from California had to be sent as

course Brown got enough of a majority there to divide with me and not feel it.

The returns from California had to be sent so far by telegraph and tow-path that my figures all got jolted out on the road before they got here at headquarters. They had written to me before the election, asking me if I wanted the whole State, but as they wanted to invoice all the undug gold I said it didn't matter.

Through fraud, corruption, turkey and ballotbox stuffing, and lack of votes, and other things which tell against an election, I failed to receive enough votes to make me the least little bit of a president of these United States. There was something awfully unright about this election.

I felt that I should and ought to be president. I knew the world, and the whole planetary system, including Hoboken, would get along at twenty-five per cent. less cost; money would go up and what little victuals we could get would go down. Visitors who come with their trunks would diminish; mothers-in-law would grow as amiable as a pair of slippers; the interest on all our debts would fall fearfully, and the fall would absorb the principal; your neighbor would be removed to a distant reservation; your tailor would follow suit—but not like he follows the suit you have on now; dogs would not bark, nor fleas delight to bite.

But now you have to endure all these things just as ever. Brown's elected, In the face of all these frauds I resign in favor of him. I almost feel it is my duty to do so. Let him have it.

How much more tasty is it in me to take a seat out on the White House fence and watch the course of human events! It will be some months before I will be a candied date again. But I don't see why two presidents can't be elected, and take turn about, or let one be president and the other draw the salary. I see by my watch that the world still moves. Don't

Topics of the Time.

—All sorts of things seem to be emulating the example of dynamite. A bucket of water set by the forge to thaw burst with a loud report, and injured several persons. Then a pumpkin, which an old lady put in the oven to get the frost out, exploded with a loud report and burned the old lady. And now a barrel of saur-kraut, in which there had accumulated a large quantity of gas, blows up in acellar, making itself heard for half a mile, and doing considerable damage.

—A Montana squatter built a small frame

—A Montana squatter built a small frame shanty on another man's land, and when he was requested to move positively declined to do so. One night a small company of settlers gathered around his cabin while he and his wife were asleep and lifting the whole concern, occupants and shanty, with great deliberation and care, carried it to the river and set it on a small raft. Then they pushed the raft out into the stream and cast it adrift. When the squatter got up in the morning he found himself many miles down-stream.

—If when you enter a room nowadays and

many miles down-stream,

—If when you enter a room nowadays and some one makes a convulsive movement to hide something, while she endeavors, with very poor success, to look sublimely unconscious of anything unusual, it is better for you to gaze intently at the ceiling and at the first opportunity glide out of the room. It may be a pair of slippers or a dressing-gown—or something, and the surprise will be greater Christmas morning if you exhibit an apparent insensibility to the manifest designs of womankind.

—The cotton crop of the South this year reaches 4,669,285 bales, the largest since 1859-60, which exceeded it by 582 bales. The present productiveness is owing to two causes: The whites have stimulated industry by sharing with the negroes a portion of the crop, and when sufficient labor could not be had in consequence of demoralization, the whites themselves turned out in the fields with a hearty good will. Numbers of small cotton farms are now worked entirely by white labor in the interiors of the several States. On the large plantations the co-operative system is generally coming into vogue, and we may expect hereafter to see a still larger yield of the great staple.

Japle.

—It is proposed to carry a wire to the Cape of Good Hope across the African Continent. Of the 1,500 miles or so of aerial line it is suggested that much might be erected without the expense of poles by taking advantage of the trees over thickly-wooded tracts, which are frequent in tropical Africa. The difficulty would be to keep the natives from utilizing the wire in regions where iron is scarce and valuable; but this might be got over. The undertaking, if it could be established, and kept in working order, would be exceedingly lucrative, and would in many ways ald in opening up Africa to commerce and civilization.

—The Turkish battle-hymn, of which the fol-

merce and civilization.

—The Turkish battle-hymn, of which the following is a portion, furnishes an excellent text for the horrible brutalities perpetrated by the Turks in moments of victory: "Allah calls us! Allah invites! Alas! Up to the seventh heaven, arise the vile odor and insolence of the infidels. Allah calls! Allah invites! The bloody combat opens. To the conquerors, the Prophet will open the gates of Paradise. Allah is great! The corpses of our brethren will remain upon the field of carnage, that they may breathe pestilence, desolation and death into the camp of our enemies. Weep not for them! The avenging swords of the sons of the Prophet will slay, by the side of each, a hundred as compensation for their death. Dead or alive, may their corpses or their weapons sow destruction and mourning in the infidel ranks! The Christian crushed, our dead will inherit all the joys promised by the Prophet in his love for his people. To the combat! To carnage! Allah calls us! Allah invites us!"

ple. To the combat! To carnage! Allah calls us! Allah invites us!"

—The family of rats is found in nearly every quarter, and bats in every quarter of the globe, None of the larger land animals are so widely distributed. Among birds, the most extensively found are swallows, kingfishers, pigeons, falcons, owls, rails, snipes, plovers, herons, ducks, gulls, petrels, pelicans and grebes. All of these are found in each of Mr. Wallace's regions, and also in each of their subdivisions. Crows and swifts are universal except in New Zealand, and cuckoos except in the north of North America. Among reptiles, snakes may be mentioned as nearly cosmopolite, being found everywhere except in New Zealand and the tropical islands of the Pacific; while geckoes, or wall-lizards, are absent only from the north of North America. Toads are dispersed over the whole world except Madagascar, New Zealand and the Pacific Islands; and frogs have the same area with the addition of Madagascar.

—At Modena, in Italy, within a circle of four

with the addition of Madaguscar.

—At Modena, in Italy, within a circle of four miles around the city, whenever the earth is dug and the workmen arrive at the distance of sixty-three feet, they come to a bed of chalk, which they bore with an augur, five feet deep. They then withdraw from the pit before the augur is removed, and upon its retraction the water bursts up with great violence and quickly fills the well thus made, the supply of water being neither affected by rains nor droughts. At the depth of fourteen feet are found the ruins of an ancient city—houses, paved streets and mason-work. Below this is a layer of earth, and at twenty-six feet walnut trees are found entire, and with leaves and walnuts upon them. At twenty-eight feet soft chalk is found, and below this vegetation and trees and the remains of another city.

—Dr. Lankester, who has been amusing him-

trees and the remains of another city.

—Dr. Lankester, who has been amusing himself with Mr. Slade, the American "medium," is a young man who has no resources beyond his moderate salary as Professor of Zoology at University College. The prosecuting barrister, Mr. George-Lewis, not only came back from a tour on the continent to attend to the case, but refused to accept any fee whatever. Dr. Forbes Winslow makes the curious statement that insanity from spiritualism increases daily in England, and that 10,000 lunaties are now under treatment in America from this cause. This is one of the statements which would seem extreme, to speak of it mildly. Overstrained feeling in any direction produces insanity. Dr. Winslow says nothing of the people who have gone mad through other ill-directed religious excitement.

—The Kansas City Times correlate A.

The Kansas City Times complains that the antelope is being exterminated on the plains in the same ruthless way that characterized the destruction of the buffalo. The ever-extending limit of Western settlement, and the extension of cattle ranches from the West concentrate the herds of antelopes, and gives the impression that they are increasing rather than decreasing. The "saddle of antelope" sells, delivered on the line, for \$1 and \$2, and to obtain this a steady business is carried on, resulting in the rapid decrease of the once numerous herds of antelope. Just now the best antelope hunting is west of Dodge City, on the Atchinson, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad, and east of Pueblo and Trinidad, Colorado. On the Kansas Pacific Railroad the finest herds of antelope are found west of Kit Carson and east of Denver. The animals are killed in great numbers by ambushed hunters, who take the saddle—i. e., the two hind-quarters of the animal, together with any portion they may require for their own immediate use—and leave the rest of the carcass to be eaten by the coyotes. The saddle, as cut by them, weighs eighteen or twenty pounds, and is sold in the Kansas market at eight cents a pound, the hide in which it is wrapped being thrown into the bargain by the hunter. The Kansas Pacific Railroad brings in great quantities of the meat, and the antelope, unless in some way protected, will be speedily exterminated.

—The failure of the British Arctic Expedition

some way protected, will be speedily exterminated.

—The failure of the British Arctic Expedition under Captain Nares, to reach the North Pole, recalls similar unsuccessful attempts on previous voyages, from this country and England, since the Franklin expedition sailed. In 1848-9 the British ships Enterprise and Investigator were sent out. In 1849 the Plover, Resolute, Assistance, Intrepid, Ploneer, Lady Franklin, Sophia, Prince Albert and Felix, all British vessels, sailed; and also the American expedition in the Advance and Resolute. In 1851 to the British expeditions then out were added the ship North Star and steamer Isabel. In 1853 the British ships Pheenix and Talbot were out, and in 1853-4 Dr. Kane's expedition in the Advance were out for two winters. In 1850 the British steamer Fox sailed, and Dr. Hayes' expedition also sailed from this country. After that the Arctic voyages became fewer. Captain Hall's expedition in the Polaris was made in 1871-3, the steamers Juanita and Tigris also going about the same time on summer cruises. The series is closed by Captain Nares' expedition, but, as we surmised, Yankee persistency will not give up the search. That North-west Passage, if not the North Pole, has got to be found; so we hear that a new expedition from this country is to be organized to be ready next spring. It is now the Yankee to the front!

Readers and Contributors.

Declined: "Be Thou Near Me, etc.;" "Advice to a Young Man, etc.;" "The Dying School-girl;" "The Wise Virgins;" "A Second too Soon;" "When She Will He Won't;" "A False Trail; "No Wish to Live;" "The Fisherman's Exploit;" 'A New Custom."

Accepted: "Discipline;" "The Newsboy's Christmas;" "Rajine;" "A Narrow Escape;" "City of Palaces;" "A Good Idea;" "God's Acre;" "The Dead and the Living;" "The Frozen Rain;" "A Hope Fulfilled;" "The Texan Belle;" "Speak of Me Then."

EGERIA. Answer no advertisement without first consulting your mother, or some elder person. Moses D. Ducking-guns may be used for general hunting. Get a breech-loader—it will cost about \$45 to \$60.

M. A. W. We have seen ice-covered trees with the setting sun shining on them. It is a marvel-ously beautiful sight.

ously beautiful sight.

J. F. T. Can't possibly use poem. It is exceedingly crude. Before you try to write for the press study for three years.

YACHT BUILDER. There is such a Manual as you ask for. Write to D. Van Nostrand, Publisher, New York, for his catalogue.

W. S. W. Batungel "Advise etc." It isn't had.

New York, for his catalogue.

W. S. W. Returned "Advice, etc." It isn't bad, by any means. Try some other paper—say one of the so-called "Boys' Papers."

J. C. F. W. F. Cody is Buffalo Bill. No one would dare to use his name, without his knowledge. We have had many of his stories.

Sick Heart. Such accidents are by no means uncommon. You should have paid not the slightest attention to it. The ladies were certainly very rude to laugh. Think nothing more of it, and certainly say nothing about it.

JNO. L. S. The author named, we fear, would not

JNO. L. S. The author named, we fear, would not care to do the work. Wash hands and face with borax in the water, and at night rub lips and hands with carbolic acid and glycerine, which any apothecary will fix for you. You write better than you spell. Keep a pocket dictionary always at hand when you write.

spell. Keep a pocket dictionary always at hand when you write.

K. and L. M. If you receive calls together on New Year's day each should share the refreshment expense. But, don't prepare a feast. Gentlemen much prefer, in most places, to find only a good glass of sherry wine and a piece of nice cake, or a cup of nice coffee, to an elaborate table. If you can conceive of any little specialty of cookery or fruit. offer that. Sherry wine, if pure, is one of the best for table use, where wine is offered.

JENKINS, JR. Wellington, we presume, may be classed as an Irishman. He was both born in Ireland, and of parentage distinctly Irish, on both sides. The estates conferred on him by parliament were all in England, we believe. He never was Lieutenant (Governor) of Ireland, but was Lieutenant (Governor) of Ireland, but was Lieutenant is Secretary, in early life. George III did not die uutil 1820, but his eldest son had long "held the reins," and Wellington was his favorite.

LADY OF THE LAKE, Louisville, Ky., asks: "When a gentleman is walking with a lady should be change arms when turning a corner that brings him nearest the house?" No, it is not necessary that a gentleman should be continually changing a lady from one arm to the other, as the street corners effect a difference in their positions. Only see to it that the lady is kept upon the safest side, and the one where she will receive the most protection.

MAID MARION. Wedding-cards should be issued at least ten days previous to the ceremony. Per-

where she will receive the most protection.

MAID MARION. Wedding-cards should be issued at least ten days previous to the ceremony. Persons receiving cards are expected to call upon the newly-married pair within a short time after the wedding. Persons who cannot accept the invitations should immediately inclose their visiting-cards to the lady; and in cases where it is almost impossible to pay a wedding visit a visiting-card may be sent instead. Two or three weeks previous to her marriage the bride makes a round of calls upon her acquaintances.

MRs. D. N. A., Eastport. We know nothing of the purchasing agency you indicate. Send no money to unknown parties. Better order of merchants and have them either send samples and prices or the goods, C. O. D. All first-class city merchants fill such orders. The fall styles are now merged in winter styles, and shop-windows are full of cold weather wear. Seal sacques having become somewhat common are not as fashionable as last winter, but are much worn even by "dressy" ladies, for they are a truly beautiful article of apparel.

CHARLEY CHAPMAN asks: "If a gentleman is riding horseback." and merce to a fact we have to a sund weather send merce to a fact weather and merce to a fact we have to be a fact we have the merce to be a fact when the color of the pare a truly beautiful article of apparel.

but are much worn even by "dressy" ladies, for they are a truly beautiful article of apparel.

CHARLEY CHAPMAN asks: "If a gentleman is riding horseback, and meets a lady acquaintance with whom he wishes to speak, or whom he wishes to accompany a little way, what does the etiquette of the occasion require him to do?" When riding horseback a gentleman meets a lady he merely salutes her, by gragefully bowing and raising his hat, and passes on, or else he dismounts. To stop and speak to the lady and remain on horseback would be unpardonable. To address the lady, or to accompany her, ever so few steps, dismount, throw your bridle over the arm furthest from the lady, and so keep yourself between her and any danger.

MISS B. B. A sweet breath is certainly a great desideratum. Bad breath is due usually to ill health, decaying teeth or a dirty mouth. A very excellent mixture for a preparation for sweetening the mouth and breath is this: Cloves, 12 grains; cinnamon, 40 grains; ginger, 3 drachms; spirits of wine, 1 pint; oil of orange-peel, 12 drops; ottar of rose, 3 drops; essence of peppermint, 1½ drachms. These are to be mixed and allowed to sock for a fortnight. Then the liquor is to be listered off for use. A small quantity is to be used to wash out the mouth in as much water as is necessary. Always keep the teeth clean—using the tooth-brush at least twice or thrice a day.

BRIDIE says: "You have so often given pretty hints concerning home decorations, to your read.

the mouth in as much water as is necessary. Always keep the teeth cleam—using the tooth-brush at least twice or thrice a day.

Bridge says: "You have so often given pretty hints concerning home decorations, to your readers, that I have ventured to seek your kindness on my own behalf. I have already quite a window-garden but most of my plants are in tin cans, and the cans look ugly; but the plants are so thrifty I hate to change them. How can I beautify the tins?" A little paint of dark hue, and after it is dry a gay picture or two pasted on each can, will render them attractive; or old flannel, of any bright color, fastened neatly around them, and embroidered with white or black worsted, makes very handsome coverings. Another way of using red flannel in the decorative art is to cover a tumbler or broken goblet neatly with it. Then soak the flannel-covered glass in water and dip in flax seed, taking care that the seeds adhere evenly. Set it upside down in a saucer of water, keeping the saucer constantly filled. In the course of a few weeks you will have a beautiful table-ornament of vivid scarlet and green.

CARROLL Co. writes: "How many yards of water-proof cloth will it take to make a cloak for myself and two little girls three and five years old? And what is the most durable color for poor people? And what is the most durable color for poor people? And what is the most durable color for poor people? And what is the most durable color for poor people? And what is the most durable color for poor people? And what is the skirt of gray cotton and woolen mixed goods? Will black ruffles do? and how many and how wide? What hat shape is suitable for a woman of thirty-three? and can you suggest how I can make a bonnet for myself from blue velvet and black. The lower founce make four inches wide; the upper one seven or eight. If you must use black, put a narrow band of gray, above the hem, on the flounces. Select a close-fitting hat frame; something in the cottage shape. Cover with blue velvet, and roll the black ribbon

the crown, finishing with a bunch of loops at the back and another a little to the side in front.

C. C., New Hampshire, asks: "How shall I, a married woman, comb my hair? Are back-combs worn yet? How can I take baths in cold weather without taking cold? I frequently read hints concerning the necessity of frequent bathing it a person wishes to preserve good health; but our house is poor, and not very warm, and no conveniences for bathing. As we live far from a doctor, or even a village where we can obtain medicines, could you mention some simple remedy to administer to children for worms?" The neatest style of arranging the hair is in one braid coiled at the back of the head; with a few careless little curls hanging over the forehead. Also, the hair is worn low on the neck, in the old-fashioned nets. Back-combs are still worn. Take a bath daily in a warm room; commence with using tepid water and gradually accustom yourself to the use of cold. Use a sponge, or rough wash-cloth, and rubbing the skin briskly wash swiftly from head to feet, drying with a rough towel. The skin should look quite red from the rubbing. The entire bath can be taken inside of ten minutes; and this method is much healthier than taking cold baths in a bath-tub which is apt to shock the system too greatly. If taken regularly you will find that a daily cold bath will prevent you from takin cold easily. Try and take it about the same time each day—at arising, just before dinner, or just before retiring. Twice a week take a hot water and soap bath. Sponging off swiftly afterward with cold water. A simple remedy for children is wormwood tea. Or, better still, send to some reliable druggist for a bottle of Humphrey's Specific for the disease mentioned.

**Winaswered questions on hand will appear next week.

Unanswered questions on hand will appear

"AFTER MANY DAYS."

BY MRS. ADDIE D. ROLLSTON.

Kiss me just once as in the old, old days,
Days that were bright with sunshine and with
flowers,
And mayhap with the thrill of your caress
I can forget the present bitter hours!
We loved each other in the sweet, lost past,
And counted not that coming years would blight
The glory of the summer's golden bloom,
And leave our path within the gloom of night!

Was it but yesterday that we two walked
The sunny woodland path where wild flowers
grew,
Where daisies, starring all the grasses sweet,
Lent all their brightness to the emerald hue?
I see again the misty lights that hung
Like silver stars above the purple hills,
And hear the rustling soft of whispering leaves
And the low, sad monods of distant rills!

Like banners o'er the river's winding shore,
And blent their odors with the fragrant breeze
That swept the valley and the woodland o'er.
A spicy sweetness came from distant pines,
A golden splendor fell o'er meadows fair,
And silent gladness thrilled the hearts that knew
No shadow from the clouds of grief and care.

Yet blight comes ever after bud and bloom,

And so there came a day to my fond heart
When, with rebellious, bitter tears, I saw
Each tender hope that I had reared depart.
In light and mocking tones the word was spoken,
The tenderest, saddest of all words—"good-by;"
And then I felt that every tie was broken,
And that the flower of love must droop and die. And as I stood that day and mutely listened
To your cold, mocking, last "good-by" again,
I wondered if 'twas love or bitter hatred
That pulsed my heart with such a maddening

pain.

For years no peace came to my troubled life
Save silence that is born of dark despair—
The mocking stillness that rebellious hearts
Find harder than the fiercest pain to bear!

To feel your kisses rain on lip and brow

To hear you say once more, "I love you, dear I ask no more, yet for the past I pray, And all its losses shed no bitter tear. But kiss me once as in the glad, old days, And bridge with tender words the silence deep. That lies between us, so that in my heart I may no mocking, haunting memories keep!

Nobody's Boy:

THE STOLEN CHILD.

BY CHARLES MORRIS.

CHAPTER IV.

WHAT WAS "IN THE WIND?" MINNIE ELLIS had not seen her father since she was five years of age. He had been at one time a prosperous merchant, but had failed in business through pressure of circumstances beyond his con-

through pressure of circumstances beyond his control.

He had been greatly depressed by his misfortune, and there was soon added to it a greater; his wife suddenly sickened and died.

Mr. Ellis was terribly cast down by this second trouble. He could not endure the scenes which constantly reminded him of former happiness and present misery.

California had then become the goal of men seeking a quick return of fortune, and also of those seeking relief from sorrow in excitement.

To this golden country his steps were turned. But the journey across the plains, which he resolved to take, was not fit for a delicate child of five years. Minnie was therefore left behind, in the care of a married sister of her father.

During the interval which had elapsed between that period and the opening of our story he had not deemed it advisable to send for his daughter, though she received frequent affectionate letters from him.

though she received frequent affectionate letters from him.

His mining adventures had not prospered. He was no richer to-day than on the day in which he had left Toledo. Besides, the rudeness of the mining-camp rendered *t no place for his daughter.

In the mind of the saddened man, striving year after year to win fortune from the rocks, this daughter was growing to be an angel of beauty and love; and he looked forward longingly to the day when the long-sought wealth should come to him, and he could be again united to his child, in some scene more attractive than the rude mining village.

Minnie's aunt received from him sufficient money for the child's living and school expenses, and

for the child's living and school expenses, and treated her with as much kindness as her nature permitted. She was a bustling, energetic housewife, and much of the milk of human kindness had soured in her over the kitchen fire, or had dried up under the strain of the broom-stick and scrubbing brush.

She was kind to Minnie when she had time to be, which was not often; harsh to her when she inter-

under the strain of the broom-stex and scrubbing brush.

She was kind to Minnie when she had time to be, which was not often; harsh to her when she interfered with household duties; and usually troubled herself but little about her.

Severe as Madame Lucon was, Minnie preferred her school life, and the society of her school companions, to her home life.

Her aunt had a son, now a man of twenty-two, who had been a thorn in the flesh to her in her earlier years, but who had now been for some years absent from home.

He was a sleek, specious, well-spoken boy, yet with a grain of innate selfishness and petty tyranny that had given much torment to the sensitive child who was brought up as his companion.

She had not seen him for more than two years, he being engaged in some position in the city of New Orleans. What this position was he never rendered very clear by his letters, and there were several hints whispered in Toledo that he was not very creditably engaged.

He had suddenly returned home just before the opening of our story. He proved now a well-dressed and well-behaved young man, and seemed by his display of attention to Minnie anxious to remove the bad impression he had left behind him.

The child was of a forgiving disposition, and quite willing to accept the advances of her cousin, though she could not avoid a slight feeling of distrust of this new bearing of her old tormentor. He seemed to have money in his pocket, and showed no disposition to seek new employment.

One morning, several days after her interview with Pete, the child was surprised by an unusual display of affection on the part of her aunt.

This busy lady had usually dismissed her to school very curtly, but this morning she was kindness itself.

"Be sure, Minnie, and come home as soon as school is out," she said; "I am uneasy whenever you are late home from school."

"Be sure, Minnie, and come home as soon as school is out," she said; "I am uneasy whenever you are late home from school."
"But Madame Lucon keeps me in, sometimes," said Minnie. "She gives me such long tasks, and I cannot learn them."
"I must really speak to her," said the aunt. "I fear she is overworking you. There, my dear, it is time you were going."

she stooped and kissed the child, dismissing her with an affectionate touch on the head.

Minnie walked to school in a half-dazed condition. "My dear," from her aunt! What was going

tion. "By dear, Tobarda to happen? And as for a kiss she could hardly remember ever being kissed by her before.
"That is all too good to last," she said to herself. "Madame will be doubly sour to make up for aunty's sweetness. I believe the old thing has a spite against me, anyhow."

But the "old thing" was marvelously sweet this

morning.

"Have you your task ready, Miss Ellis?" she asked, in a tone so unlike her ordinary one that Minnie was at a loss to understand it.

"I tried hard, madame: indeed I did," said Minnie, in a pleading voice, "but I am afraid I have forgotten some of it."

"Did you find it so difficult?"

"Yes, madama I have all evening," said the child, in uter hards at this unusual question-

powers sufficiently. I nav. Long observed that you did your best, Minnie, and I may have been overtasking you. I will make your assons lighter in future.

"Cannot is more correct English," said madame, kindly. "It is my aim to make you all polished speakers of your native tongue. I am sure you will not offend again."

"No, indeed, not if I can help it," said Minnie, sincerely.

incerely.

"Miss Brown, it is five minutes past schoolnour," said madame, severely, to a new-comer.
Her tone had a very different strain from that
which she had employed to Minnie.
The child passed on into the school more dazed
than before. Were the heavens dropping manna

than before. Were the heavens deep into her empty cup?
Madame Lucon's kindness lasted the day through, and for several successive days.
Nor did aunt Sarah lose her new-found affection.
She seemed trying to atone for past deficiencies in

She seemed trying to atone for past deficiencies in kindness.

Minnie seemed walking in a dream all these days. She could not see the cause of this sudden change, and was too young to trouble herself much about logical reasons. She accepted the fact gladly and asked no questions.

Her cousin was very attentive to her. He seemed to have no idea of engaging in any business, at least as long as he had any money in his pocket; and spent his time in the indefinite employment of lounging.

His attention to Minnie extended to occasionally accompanying her to school, or meeting her on her way home.

Minnie would chat with him with childish volubility, and quite failed to perceive a fact which escaped not his observant eyes. This was that she was constantly followed, in her conings and goings, by a ragged, disreptuable-looking boy, who was in his turn followed by as ragged and disreputable a dog.

Not that he appeared to be troubled about the child. He would be lounging here, or hurrying forward there, now selling papers, and now carrying a package; but he was always in sight when she was on the street, and always kept her in sight until she vanished behind the doors of the school or of her home.

her home.

He could see the boy afterward during the day everywhere, even in localities of questionable character, for the young man frequented some places and kept some company not much to his credit.

This seeming persistence of the boy could not wholly be the effect of accident. There seemed to be too much method in it for that, and Minnie's cousin lost himself in conjectures of the lad's object.

ject.
Yet, instead of speaking directly to the boy he broached the subject to his mother.
"There he is now, mother," he said, after telling her what he had observed. "I think it might be best for you to speak to the young vagabond. I a n afraid that if I attempted it I might do him an injury."

jury."
"I don't see that there would be any occasion for that, William," she replied.
"I know the boy is impudent," he said, "and I am of a hasty temper. He might aggravate me too much."

much."
"You should control your temper," she answered. "No matter, I will speak to him."
"Try and find out what his object is. I don't like his watching Minnie that way. You must for-

Pete laughed, deflantly.

"Got the kerridge ordered, ma'am. It's to be a reg'lar old-time blow-out, you bet. Two black nags and a darkey driver, and Nicodemus under

The dog, as usual, barked on hearing his name mentioned.

mentioned.

"If you don't see the little gal home to supper to-night, you kin know what's up. It's a set thing; you kin go your bottom dime on that. Good-by, ma'am. Don't git nervous."

Pote whistled for Nicodemus, and started swag-review asser. eringly away.

Mrs. Denton remained too exasperated for peech, shaking her hand menacingly at the impu-

Mrs. Denton remained 600 exasperated for speech, shaking her hand menacingly at the impudent young gamin.

But her son ran hastily out of the open door.

"Hold there, you vagrant," he cried, in a passion. "I have seen you following my cousin. I am going to be on the watch to-night, and if you dare follow her again I will break every bone in your rascally body."

"You will, hey?' said Pete, boldly.

"Yes, and send you to the lock-up into the bargain. I will see if young girls can't come home from school without being dogged by vagabonds. There is something up between you and some of the Toledor ascals. But, you have all got the wrong man to deal with if you stir me up."

"Ain't you a bit too windy, young man?" asked the undaunted boy. "I'm afeard you won't be able to cool your soup for dinner if you waste your breath that way."

The angry man made a rush at his antagonist. But Nicodemus sprung between with an angry bark, and showed his teeth in a menacing way.

"Best hold your hosses when Nicodemus is about," said Pete. "He don't allow no foolin'. Hope you said good-by to the little gal this mornin', for her and me is goin' to be spliced, sure!"

He walked away again with a most aggravating gait.

That evening, sure enough, Minnie failed to re-

He walked away again with a most aggravating gait.

That evening, sure enough, Minnie failed to return from school at the usual time. But such delay was nothing uncommon with her, and her aunt hardly noticed her absence, until the supper hour had arrived and she had not yet appeared.

She began to grow nervous, however, as suppertime passed and Minnie was still absent.

Her son William now came in, and manifested the like uneasiness on knowing of this continued absence.

bsence. He had not had a chance of meeting her on her

He had not had a chance of meeting her on her way home from school, as he had been doing during the few days past. He immediately started out in search of her. It was two hours before he returned, having been unsuccessful.

Mrs. Denton, now seriously alarmed, hastened to the school, and to the different houses at which the child had been in the habit of visiting.

No trace of her was forthcoming. One of the pupils had left her at a short distance from the school, declining Minnie's invitation to visit a piece of woodland, beyond the city limits, to gather spring flowers.

Madame Lucon shared her visitor's excitement on hearing of the child's strange absence. She declared that the police must be informed immediately of this alarming circumstance, and a search of the city instituted.

"Heered you was lookin' for me, ma'am," he said, and thought I'd step up and report."

Mrs. Denton flung up her hands in intense excite-

ment.
"That is him!" she cried. "That is the young rascal! He threatened to steal Minnie! Catch him, somebody! Run for a policeman! He must be arrested!" There ain't no sort of hurry, ma'am," said Pete,

"There ain't no sort of hurry, ma'am," said Pete, coolly. "I ain't got no notion of runnin' away. Wouldn't 'a' come here it I'd been afeard. Me and Nicodemus ain't on the run."

"Just hear him!" said one of the neighbors. "The impudent vagabond! Mrs. Denton is right."

"Maybe she is," said Pete. "I'm in fur havin' this bizness settled, anyhow. Maybe I tuk off the gal and forgot it. Jist bring along yer perlice."

The good ladies assembled were somewhat staggered in their convictions by this unlooked-for willingness on the part of the boy. It was hardly the demeanor of guilt.

A half-grown girl had hastly left the circle on the first demand for an officer, and now appeared, bringing one of these important public functionaries.

ries.
"So it is this young wharf-rat?" said the officer, on seeing Pete. "I always thought there was something wrong about this one. He is always fighting and getting into scrapes. Come along, my youthful offender. Who is going to appear against time?"

youthful offender. Who is going to appear against him?"
"I am," said Mrs. Denton, eagerly. "And my son, also. We both heard his threats. It was only a few hours before Minnie was stolen. He said—"
"That will do, ma'am," replied the officer, curtly. "Tell the squire what he said. There is no use telling me. Come, my cove; you are wanted." He laid his hand heavily on Pete's shoulder. Nicodemus growled ominously, and showed his teeth. "Best take your paw off, Johnny, if you don't want a veal cutlet took out of your calf," said Pete. "Nick ain't pertickler, when he's woke up, whether it's possum or perlice. I'm a-goin' with you; so don't fuss."

The officer seemed himself to think that the dog was in earnest, and hastily removed his hand.

The officer seemed himself to think that the dog was in earnest, and hastily removed his hand. "Come ahead, then," he said. "And I want all the witnesses at Squire Harvey's office below here." He had, all the witnesses, and half the town, it seemed, judging by the throng that crowded into the office behind him and his prisoner.

The squire, a middle-aged, half-bald man, with round, consequential face, and wearing glasses, looked up expectantly at the crowd.

After the fashion of magistrates everywhere, fines and dues were the breath of life to him, and he hailed every new case as so much grist to his mill.

mill.
"Don't crowd in so, good people," he said. "We want some breath, and there's plenty of fresh air for you in the street. Who have you there, officer," "A boy suspected of having something to do with the abduction of Minnie Ellis," said the police-

"Ha!" cried the squire, pushing up his spectacles excitedly. "You don't tell me that? Who is he?' "He is a boy who threatened to run away with my niece," cried Mrs. Denton. "He talked to me in the most tantalizing way. And he said."

"There, there, there! That will do," exclaimed

"Don't you know your father's name?" asked

"Don't you know your father's name?" asked the squire.

"Dunno if I ever had any," said Pete. "If I had, he emigrated afore I knowed anything. All the extra name I got is what the boys gin me."

"What is that?"

"Picayune Pete, they call me."
A stir went through the throng at these words, accompanied by a loud murmur.

"Silence there,' eried the squire, severely.

"What is the matter?"

"Why, squire," cried one of the auditors, "this is the very boy who saved Minnie Ellis the other week, when she fell into the river. This is all the thanks he gets for it, to be arrested for stealing her. It is a blasted shame."

"Who asked your opinion?" demanded the squire. "Are you hearing this case or me?"

"It's so, anyhow," persisted the man.

"Is that the fact, boy?" asked the justice. "Did you save the child's life?"

"I dunno," answered Pete, carelessly. "Spect the steamboaters mought have fished her out if I hadn't."

"But you saved her?"

But you saved her?"

"But you saved her?"
"I jumped into the Maumee, that's sartin, and grabbed the little gal. Didn't quite like to see her go to the fishes."
Pete was the most unconcerned person present. An excitement possessed the throng on finding that the child's rescuer stood accused of being concerned in her loss.

that the child's rescuer stood accused of being concerned in her loss.

Mrs. Denton, with a revulsion of feeling, pressed up beside him.

"I withdraw the charge," she cried. "I was hard on the boy, and that is why he was so impupudent to me, I suppose."

The good lady had quick and tender feelings, when they once touched through her crust of every day hardness.

"Very well, ma'am," answered the squire, impatiently. "I will never get through this case if there are to be so many interruptions. Where do you live, boy?"

"Who with?"
"Old Meg."
"Meg what? Do you belong to a one-named species?"

cies?"
"If you'd hear her once, you'd think Meg was name enough," said Pete.
"What do you do for a living?"
"A little of everything, and not an extra lot of anything."
"I wish no impudence. Give me an exact an-

swer."
"I carry bundles, hold hosses, black boots, sell papers, go a-fishin', play circus, tend store, polish lampposts—"
"Hold there!" cried the squire; "that will do. You seem to be very numerously employed. How came you to tell this lady that her niece was to be stolen?"

She aggravated me 'bout the gal, and I wanted worry her; that's all. Dunno a cent's wuth

to worry her; that's and about it."

"How came you to follow her'in the street, then, as this other witness testified?"

"He's a galoot, squire, that's what he is," said Pete. "Me spend my time follering a gal! I like a joke, but that's a bit too good. I'm kind of everywhere, every day, and he sees double sometimes, I reckon. Got too much bizness of my own on hand to foller gals."

where, every day, and he sees double sometimes, I reckon. Got too much bizness of my own on hand to foller gals."

"I see nothing against the lad," said the squire to the audience. "His saving the child's life is proof that he had nothing to do with her loss, These witnesses have evidently taken too much for granted. What will you do, Pete, if I discharge you? I don't like to hear of your leading the life of a vagrant. You must try and get into some steady employment."

"I ain't no vagrant," said Pete. "I've got a home for my nights, and plenty of bizness for day time. I reckon I know what's a vagrant."

"If you come before me again, boy, I fear I will have to commit you. You are leading an indolent and dangerous life.

"I've got plenty of work cut out ahead," said Pete.

"What kind of work?"

"I've got piency of

Pete.
"What kind of work?"
"I'm goin' for that gal, and the five thousand
to boot; if I ain't, I'll sell out. Bound to bring
her, too. Brung her once afore, and guess I kin do

A laugh ran through the crowd as they filed out of the office, followed by Pete, who was the lion of the hour. Nicodemus was waiting with a warm welcome for him, as he passed, a free boy, into the street again.

The squire beckened slyly to the officer, to remain behind.

"Keep an eye on that boy," he said. "The young rogue knows more than he will tell."

CHAPTER VI. PETE IS "POSED."

PETE IS "POSED."

PETE went to work without delay, as he had promised. He had a double incentive in seeking Minnie Ellis. First, the interest which he had taken in the child, despite his assumed rudeness. Second, the hope to gain the reward offered.

The magnitude of this reward was so great, in Pete's fancy, that it seemed a princely fortune to him. Five dollars was the highest spoke in the wheel of fortune to which his hopes had hitherto borne him.

borne him.

He bet silently to himself that if he won, he was going for a double barreled, first-rater of a gun. In the far distance, too, was some indefinite image of a "hoss." Further than this his imagination failed

to carry him.

Pete's ideas of luxury and of earthly grandeur were not very extended. He could sleep soundly on a hard board floor, dine luxuriously on dry bread and mackerel, and felt most comfortably dressed in bare feet and a well-ventilated suit.

Yet the serpent had entered into his Eden of sound sleep and good digestion, and the long-contented boy found himself thirsting in spirit for the bane of wealth.

"I'm bound to have them five thousand, or bust," was his way of expressing this new-born longing.

bust," was his way of expressing this new-born longing.

It must be confessed that he based this assurance on very slender foundations. He had heard the name "Minnie Ellis" pronounced in the street. This was the whole and sole fact that he had to work on, and yet he was fully satisfied in his mind that it would lead him to a solution of the mystary.

He had this much warrant for his belief. The man who had spoken the name bore no creditable character; and his suspicious glance, and silence until Pete had passed, were indications of a mys-

The boy was shrewd enough to keep all this to himself during his examination before the squire. Long experience had taught him the virtues of discretion and a still tongue.

"If I've struck a trail I don't want no pards," he said. "Guess I kin foller it without help."

The man he had recognized was a well-known character in Toledo; in fact, much better known

character in Toledo; in fact, much better known than respected.

He called himself Colonel Green, though no one knew how he obtained his military title. As for business, he had none visible to the community at large. He gave out that he was a gentleman of means. In that case his income must have been very uncertain, for at times he grew utterly shabby and threadbare, and would shortly emerge on society in butterfly grandeur of dress.

It was shrewdly whispered that his fortune lay in faro, and that his income came from the gamingtable.

in faro, and that his income came from the gaming-table.

Whispered, not spoken, for Colonel Green was something of a bully, and it was dangerous to hint at his lack of respectability. He had, moreover, an evil eye, and a cruel expression of the mouth, that had a repressing effect on those who knew him. Pete, in his perambulations, had often met him, though it is doubtful if the colonel had eyes for the vagrant who so intently regarded him. It worried our young detective that he had failed to recognize the companion of the colonel on the occasion referred to. It would have lightened his prospective labors to have a double trail to follow. As it was he had but a vague idea of the hight, dress, and general appearance of the man, not sufficient to make him sure of recognizing him should he meet him.

He must put himself on the track of Colonel Green, and see what would come of it.

"And I've got to be as sly as an old coon about it," solliquized Pete. "The kurnel's a hoss that's up to chaff. Got to watch him like an old crow watches a gunner. Guess, though, I've been there. Bet I sell out the kurnel. Picayune Pete's a pony hisself; if he ain't I'll caye."

But it proved not so easy to get on the track of Colonel Green. Pete was pretty well acquainted

hisself; if he ain't I'll caye."

But it proved not so easy to get on the track of Colonel Green. Pete was pretty well acquainted with all his lounging places, but he failed to make his appearance at any of them. He found out where the colonel lived, and sought him there. Here, too, he was astray. The object of his search had been absent from home for a week.

This lack of success was rather encouraging to Pete than the reverse. There must be some good reason for the colonel's suddenly absenting himself, and Pete argued that the loss of Minnie Ellis was that reason.

that reason.

The boy had something of the instinct of the bloodhound. He was not to be deterred because the scent was cold.

bloodhound. He was not to be described because the seem was cold.

Several days passed, during which Pete kept up this quiet but unsuccessful search for the colonel. What would have wearied out many boys but warmed him up to his task.

"You're a keen critter, kurnel," he said, "and I'm kinder sorry for poor little Minnie. The gal must be skeered bad—maybe you're left these diggin's and streased it across country. Won't blow to the per-



"That's what I keer for the perlice," said Pete. "Nicodemus, he knows."

bid him from doing so, and threaten to have him bid him from doing so, and threaten to have arrested if he refuses."

"I will not only threaten, but I will do it," she replied. "Minnie's safety is a matter of importance to us now, William. My brother, you know, is delicate, and may not live long."

A meaning smile passed between mother and son, as the latter turned away and passed into the house.

son, as the latter turned away and passed into the house.

The boy stood erect against the corner of an opposite house, watching the ceremony of unloading a wagon at a grocer's store near by.

He was a short, sturdy, shrewd-faced fellow, the bare skin showing through rents in his uncanny clothes, while a shock of brown hair stood up like a plume through a hole in the top of his cap. His bare feet mocked at respectability.

He crossed the street readily at her imperative call, whistling up his dog, who seemed doubtful about venturing into such austere company.

"What is your name, boy?" asked Mrs. Denton, in her sternest tones.

The lad leaned lazily against a lamp-post, and took a deliberate survey of the lady, from head to foot, before answering.

"It's Peter, when folks want to be perlite, and it's Pete, when they're in a hurry," was his answer.

it's Pete, when they re in a nurry, was his answer.

"And what do you want here?"

"Jist to see what you're a-calling me for. Nothing else, I reckon."

"And is that why you have been hanging round this house for three or four days? I would like to know what a ragged young rascal like you wants in this respectable neighborhood?"

"Anything to put vittles in my mouth," said Pete, with a grimace. "Had a notion maybe you'd gin me a job."

gin me a job."
"You are watching an opportunity to steal," said
the irate lady. "I will give you into the hands of
the police if you continue to infest this neighbor-

the police if you continue to infest this neighborhood."

"The perlice! Nicodemus, are you a-listenin'?"
asked Pete of his dog.

The cur responded with a disdainful bark.

"Stand on your head, Nick, and wag your tail,"
commanded Pete.

The well-trained dog performed this difficult
operation with apparent ease.

"That's what I keer for the perlice," said Pete.

"Nicodemus, he knows. Don't see many dorgs like
that dorg. There's good blood in that dorg. He's
a prime breed. Death on rats and rabbits, now I
tell you."

"Ask about Minnie," whispered William Denton,
peering out from a door behind his mother. He
had evidently been listening to this conversation.

"That is not all," said the austere lady. "You
have been seen to follow my niece, Minnie Ellis, to
and from school. Tell me, sirrah, what your designs are, or I shall certainly have you arrested. I
cannot see what object a ragged vagabond like you
has in sac!" hebavior."

"Can't you guessi" alked Pote, with an impu-

"Can't you guess?" asked Pote, with an impudent leer.
"I wish no insolence, boy. I demand to know

"I wish no insolence, boy. I demand to know your powers sufficiently. I have long observed what we did your best, Minnie, and I may have been overtasking you. I will make your lossons lighter in future."

"Oh, thank you, madame! You are very kind indeed!" cried Minnie. "I get such headaches, and then I can't study at all."

"Can't, Minnie?" said madame, lifting her finger with what seemed a gesture of playful reproof.

"Oh, madame!" exclaimed Minnie, fearing that she had turned the tide of her good fortune. "It is too bad. I try to stop using that word, and I keep saying it in spite of all."

"I wish no insolence, boy. I demand to know your coler."

"Sometimes fellers have got to keep mum," was word the imposting you. "He low red his voice to a confidential tone as he continued. "Fact is, ma'am, the little gal and me has about agreed to hitch hosses. She's goin' to run away with me. A reg'lar 'lopement, now I tell you. None of your locomotive, half-cut runaways but an out-and-out stunner. Don't you blow, ma'am. It's all on the sly."

"Why, you insolent your got to keep mum," was your 'How one't you." He low red his voice to a confidential tone as he continued. "Fact is, ma'am, the little gal and me has about agreed to hitch hosses. She's goin' to run away with me. A reg'lar 'lopement, now I tell you. None of your locomotive, half-cut runaways but an out-and-out stunner. Don't you blow, ma'am. It's all on the sly."

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CHAPTER V. PETE AS A "LION." The excitement in Toledo was redoubled as the ucceeding day advanced and no trace of the child was found. The town had been pretty thoroughly earched, the police entering every house which hey had any reason to suspect. But the search was in vain, and the mystery deepened, hour by

The investigation extended to the country, the larm spreading for miles around the city, and cousing a feeling of intense indignation against the hild-stealers.

child-stoalers.

There was no reason to suppose that Minnie had been drowned—the wood to which she had probably gone not being near any body of water.

But if a child could be thus stolen from their midst, and hidden so completely, it was a matter of the most serious character.

This unknown abductor might carry off the child of any inhabitant of the place with equal impunity. The security of the whole community was endangered if the stolen child should not be recovered and her abductors severely punished.

The security of the whole community was endangered if the stolen child should not be recovered and her abductors severely punished.

Several of the richer inhabitants of the place combined to offer a reward, and before night the walls were placarded with handbills offering five thousand dollars reward for the recovery of Minnie Ellis and the capture of the child-stealers.

Such an offer was well calculated to set all the people astir, with double assiduity, in search of the missing child.

Mrs. Denton had already made public her suspicions of the boy calling himself Pete. His name was all she could tell about him, with an indefinite description of his appearance.

Hat son, Willier, exarched the town through for him, but failed to find him. Pete had somehow mathinself scarce.

That night passed, and another day dawned on the unquiet city.

Mrs. Denton was eagerly detailing to a circle of sympathizing neighbors the story she had told twenty times a ready, of the threats of the ragged vagrant, and of her mental certainty that he had stolen her niece, when, to her utter astoundment, the identical individual walked up to the group.

vagrant, and of her helical certainty that 13 1934 stolen her nicee, when, to her utter astoundment, the identical individual walked up to the group.

His hands were sunk in his apologies for pockets, his cap set rakishly on the back of his head, while Nicodemus, as usual, followed close to his heels.

It was now past eight o'clock, the night was cloudy, and it had grown quite dark. The alarm spread through the town, and numbers of the citizens joined in the search.

Evening deepened into night; the hours rolled on; yet the child continued missing.

The most alarming apprehensions began to be entertained. Some supposed that she had been drowned, remembering her former escape. Others talked of murder. Every contingency was debated. The search was extended far beyond the city limits with torches and lanterns.

Madame Lucon now spoke out:

"I have just been informed," she said, "that Mr. Ellis has been lately very fortunate in his goldming, and is now possessed of great wealth. Some villain may have heard of this, and have stolen the child, to exact money from the father."

"Be has been followed by a ragged boy, calling misself Pete," said Mrs. Denton. "He threatened me that she would be stolen this very afternoon. He must be arrested at once."

The secret of the aunt's and madame's new kindness was out. They had heard of the good fortune of Mr. Ellis, but their sudden affection seemed likely to be of little benefit to Minnie.

The night passed. A new day dawned. But a gloom rested upon the city, for the child was still missing.

CHAPTER V.

trate's office the persons present were not deterred by the official dignity of the squire from freely ex ressing their opinions.
"Just look at the young villain!" said one excited ndividual. "You might think he was a lamb, he

looks so innocent."

"He ought to be hung," growled another. "There must be a lesson to these rascally child-stealers. There is no safety for our children."

"That's so," said a somewhat tipsy fellow. "I've got a darter of my own, and it would jist break my heart if ebo!d..." got a darter of my own, and it would jist break my heart if she'd—"
"If she'd break the jug the next time you sent her for whisky," said a fourth.
This interruption created a laugh, and somewhat calmed the growing hostility to the prisoner.
The squire had now finished taking his notes of the evidence, and adjusting his spectacles at a severe angle, he called out:
"Has the defense any witnesses?"
There was no answer to this appeal, save a mur-

mur in the audience.
"No one here who knows anything about the detendant?" continued the source.

"No one here who knows anything about the defendant?" continued the squire.

"I ain't going to let a feller be sent to jail without a word for him, blowed if I am," said the tipsy man, edging his way forward.

"What do you know about him?" asked the squire, severely eying this witness.

"Why, squire," said the man, "he done something for me only yesterday. Done it well, too."

"What was it?"

The man commenced to speak then heaffared.

"What was it?"

The man commenced to speak, then hesitated, and became silent.

"Brought him a pint of old rye from Tim Hogan's, I bet a cow," said a voice back in the crowd.

"If I did I didn't swig a drop of it," said Pete, now for the first time speaking.

"Hold your tongue there, boy," cried the squire.

"Get back, fellow. I didn't ask who you was in the habit of sending for your whisky. Bring the boy up, officer; I will question him."

Pete was accordingly brought before the stern tribunal of local justice. He did not seem particularly awed by the squires dignity, however, but pribunal of local justice. He did not seem particularly awed by the squire's dignity, however, but stood before him in an easy and careless attitude. "What is your name?" asked the squire, look-gover his greetzeles at the box

"What is your hame," asked the squire, looking over his spectacles at the boy.
"Pete."
"Pete."
"Never had no second story on my name," said

lice jist yet, anyhow. Runs in my head that the coon's in Toledo. Hope he ain't put the gal under the sod, or planted her in the lake. He's devilenough fur it. But if he has I'm fur him like p'isen fur a sick cat. I'm fightin' fur that little gal now. I am'!

now, I am!

There was something dangerous in Pete's expression as he talked thus to himself. Boy as he was, there was the soul of a resolute man in his face.

The officer who had been instructed by Squire Harvey to keep him in sight, found this no easy matter to do, without raising the shrewd boy's suspicions.

matter to do, without raising the shrewd boy's suspicions.

He was able, however, to watch him sufficiently to conclude that his erratic movements were suspicious, and that there might be something in the squire's doubts. Pete had almost given up his regular vocations, and was on the go, all day and half the night, without any apparent object.

This was certainly suspicious, and the officer's careful surveillance was redoubled in vigilance.

Meanwhile the excitement in the city was growing in intensity as time passed and no trace of the child was found. The gravest doubts were entertained, and the whole community was shaken to its center with anger and fear.

Not only in Toledo, but in the country around, and in all the towns and cities within a circuit of a hundred miles, were the people and the officials on

and in all the towns and cities within a circuit of a hundred miles, were the people and the officials on the alert.

An abduction like this was most alarming and dangerous. If this child could be stolen, and hidden for days from the vigilant eyes which had sought her in all directions, there was no safety in any family, the pet of any household might be taken in like manner, and held for ransom, or foully dealt with.

The reward, also, was a strong inducement to ex-treme enorgy in search, and thousands of shrewd men were on the alert to work up the slightest sus-

men were on the alert to work up the slightest suspicious circumstances.

But, the hours and days were passing, and no discovery had been made, no trace of the lost child found.

This excitement resulted in a public meeting, called by some of the wealthier citizens, to inaugurate still more decided measures, and, if deemed advisable, to increase the reward.

The city hall was crowded, and a number of eloquent speeches made on the subject, in which the measures which had been taken were fully described. There were, it is true, secret movements of the police authorities of which these eloquent citizens happened to be ignorant.

But, neither secret nor open action had yet been successful in the slightest degree.

Some dozen or more persons, accompanied by

successful in the slightest degree.

Some dozen or more persons, accompanied by young children, had been arrested in different places. But in every instance the child had proved to be unlike Minnie, photographs of whom were in the hands of the police.

The set speeches over, the meeting became more

The set speeches over, the meeting became more chatty

"The poor little creature's been drowned," cried the same individual who had rendered himself prominent by his tipsiness at the squire's office.
"I move that we drag the river; and if that won't do, drag the lake."

"Hadn't we best drag the ocean and be done with it?" asked a sarcastic person in the audience.
"It seems to me that there has been a radical defect in the mode of offering the reward," said another.

oth r.
"If the gentleman has any suggestions to offer we will be glad to entertain them," remarked the chairman of the meeting.

The p-raol speaking rose in his seat and fronted the chairman.

the chairman.

"The reward is offered for the recovery of the child and arrest of her abductor," he said. "This, I think, is an error. He will certainly take good care that he is not found or the child either. But if the reward was offered for the child alone the child-stealer himself might be induced to return her, for the sake of the money. Or some party not willing to betray him might be tempted to return the child.

her, for the sake of the money. Or some party not willing to betray him might be tempted to return the child.

"I think that a very good idea," said another member of the meeting, "except that it would remove all inducement to seek for the abductor himself. I fancy our friend does not desire such a consummation as that. My view is that a double reward sfrould be offered, a fixed amount for the child, and an equal sum for her stealer."

"The gentleman speaks," broke in another, "as if the reward was the only inducement to this search. So far as I am concerned, I would be sorry to admit that it is any inducement at all. I have a family. I have children whom I love. Their safety is the strongest inducement to me. Fellow citizens, shall we offer a premium to crime, by taking the very action for which this villaim may be waiting? He may return the child, for the sake of the reward, But to-morrow he may steal another of our children; perhaps mine; perhaps wours. Is it our aim to produce this result, gentlemen? I admit that I fully sympathize with the friends of this poor child. But we have a higher duty to perform, a duty to the community at large, to which all individual claims must yield. Fellow citizens, it may be the sole object of this vile child-stealer to obtain the reward. Shall we give bim the opportunity he craves by offering a reward for the child alone? No! A thousand times no! We must pursue him relentlessly; with the hand of the avenger, not that of the rewarder, and desist not until all his schemes are overthrown, all his villainy foiled, and himse! functed to earth as we would hunt a wildcat or a panther."

A loud hurst of applause followed this energetic

wildcat or a panther."

A loud burst of applause followed this energetic appeal, all present showing that they fully sympathized with the speaker.

After the noise had somewhat subsibed, a person near the door, and who had lately entered, addressed the meeting.

near the door, and who had lately entered, addressed the meeting.

"I quite agree with the last speaker," he said, in a courteous tone. "Every effort must be made to arrest the perpetrator of this outrage, and no attempt to play into his hands be for a moment permitted. In my view of the case all has not been done that might be done, and f am here to-day to make what I consider an important proposition. Photographs of Minnie Ellis have been plaved in the hands of the police, but the public at large have only vague descriptions to go by. I move that the portrait of Minnie Ellis he given to the public, by means of the illustrated papers and otherwise. It may prove a very efficient aid in her recovery."

"I second that motion," cried a person near him.

him.
"You have all heard the motion of Colonel Green," said the chairman. "Is the meeting pre-"You have all heard the metion of Colonel Green," said the chairman. "Is the meeting prepared for the question?"
Some debate followed, mostly favorable to the proposition, after which the motion was put and unanimously carried.

At the name of Colonel Green the face of one of the crowd of boys who surrounded the open door peered curiously in, with a most perplexed expression.

peered curiously in, with a most perplexed expression.

"If it ain't him I'm a cattv," was the boy's mental soliloquy. "But, how in blazes he got in without me twigging him, beats pigeen's eygs. And him a-making speeches bout the gal, and wantin' photographs and all that! Well. I'll sell my old hat for a puddin' bag; if I don't, skin me! It's jist the cleanest sell I ever run across. Don't quite swaller it all, kurnel. Deep ones, like you, play innercent, sometimes. That's what I've heerd, any how; and I reckon I'll go for you, if you are a-speechifying at the meetin."

Pete was as good as his word. When the meeting broke up, and Colonel Green returned with the throng to the street, there was a human sleuth hound on his track, whom he would not find it easy to evade.

(To be continued-commenced in No. 355.)

THE MARRIAGE OF GREAT MEN. -Byron mar-Miss Millbank to get money to pay his s. It turned out a bad shift.

squire, and lived with her but a short time. He was an austere literary recluse, while she was a rosy, romping country lass, that could not endure the restraint imposed upon her, so they separated. Subsequently, however, she return-ed, and they lived tolerably happy. Queen Victoria and Prince Albert were cous-

ins, and about the only example in the long line of English monarchs wherein the marital vows were sacredly observed and sincere affection ex

Shakespeare loved and married a farmer's daughter. She was faithful to her vows, but we could hardly say the same of the bard himself. Like most of the great poets, he showed too little discrimination bestowing his affections on

the other sex.

Washington married a woman with two children. It is enough to say she was worthy of him, and they lived as married people should live—in perfect harmony with each other.

John Adams married the daughter of a Presbyterian clergyman. Her father objected on account of John being a lawyer. He had a bad opinion of the morals of the profession.

John Howard, the great philanthropist, married his nurse. She was altogether beneath him.

ried his nurse. ried ms nurse. She was altogether beneath him in social life and intellectual capacity, and, besides this, was fifty-two years old, while he was but twenty-five. He would not take "No" for an answer, and they were married and lived an answer, and they were married and lived happily until she died, which occurred two vears afterward.

LINGER NEAR ME, DARLING.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD, Author of "Silver Threads Among the Gold."

Linger near me, little treasure;
When I have you by my side,
I forget all care and trouble,
And that ill may life betide.
I remember only, darling,
That the one I love is near,
In the sunshine of whose presence
All the shadows disappear.

Linger near me, little treasure; Let me look into your eyes,
Where the sweetest violets blossom
Underneath the summer skies.
Put your hand in mine, my darling,
And believe the words I speak,

Never any rose was fairer Than the roses on your cheek. Linger near me, little treasure,
While the days are going by:
Meet me with a kiss at nightfall,
And the love-light in your eye.
Oh, my darling, life without you
Would a dreary journey be;
Let me keep you always near me,
For you're all the world to me.

SURE-SHOT SETH The Boy Rifleman;

THE YOUNG PATRIOTS OF THE NORTH.

BY OLL COOMES, AUTHOR OF "IDAHO TOM," "RED ROB," "D KOTA DAN," "OLD DAN RACKBACK," ETC.

CHAPTER X.

HUNTED AND HAUNTED. THE shouts that followed the announcement THE shouts that followed the announcement of the result of the shooting-match were deafening; and the young Ring-Eyed-Eagle-of-Sky-Puncher-Peak became the recipient of a hundred congratulations. Tom Grayson was the first to grasp the young stranger's hand, for since he had failed to win the prize, it afforded him supreme pleasure to know that Ivan Le Clercq had been defeated.

been defeated.

The latter stood off at one side among his little party of friends scowling with chagrin, and burning with anger at his defeat.

"By heavens!" he exclaimed, in a whisper to his four companions, "if I can get old Podson to extend the time, I'll run up and release Sure Shot Seth, and let him come down and beat that young braggart. Tom Grayson is tickled half to death 'cause I got beat, and I'd give an eye just to see him look down his nose, and that daubed-faced fool beaten."

"Here, youn ster," the voice of Squire Podson suddenly broke in, as he handed The Eagle the rifle and accouttements belonging to it; "here's the prize—take it, for you have won it fair and honorably, whoever you may be. The

"here's the prize—take it, for you have won it fair and honorably, whoever you may be. The gun is loaded, and thar's not less'n fifty bullets in the pouch, and powder in the horn to shove 'em. Take it, and I hope you will make every shot count so long as you may possess it."

A faint scream of terror came from the direction of the woods some two hundred yards away, before The Eagle could respond, as he was about to do.

to do.

Every eye was at once turned in that direction, and to the horror of all, a maiden, whom all recognized as Emma Milbank, emerged from the woods at the top of her speed, closely pursued by an Indian warrior.

"Oh, my God!" burst from Squire Podson's lips, "the savages are at their hellish work already."

Brave hearts trembled, and white lips quivered. Women fell faint, and children crouched with terror at the feet of their parents. It was a a terrible moment in the history of those people's lives, for all seemed paralyzed with the terrors of death. But all were started from their lethargy by another shriek.

"The savage has caught Emma!" was the terrible announcement that now pealed from a dozen lips.

True enough, the savage had overtaken her within ten rods of the edge of the timber, and lifting her in his arms was fleeing back to the woods with her.

"Stand aside for the Eagle-of-Sky-Puncher-Peak," shouted that mysterious lad, and swinging his newly-won prize to his shoulder glanced along the barrel and fired.

A yell of agony came down from the woods; and when all saw the savage stagger and fall, a shout burst from their lips; the Eagle had made another wonderful shot, and had saved the maid-Brave hearts trembled, and white lips quiver-

another wonderful shot, and had saved the maiden from captivity.

With the speed of a deer the young marksman dashed out of the crowd and sped away toward the fallen foe. He met the maiden he had saved on the way, and exchanging a few words with her, ran on, passed the fallen savage and plunged into the woods. A moment later a rifle-shot rung through the forest and echoed in quavering intonations along the valley of the Minnesota. Scarcely had the sound died on the air, when forth from the woods south of the Openings a hundred half-nude forms rushed, yelling like de-

hundred half-nude forms rushed, yelling like demons.

With a cry of horror the surprised settlers turned and fled toward their homes. With the women and children in front, the men covered their retreat, fighting the foe as they fell back. The savages' onward rush was checked several times; but nothing daunted, they rallied and renewed the contest flerce and deadly.

It soon became evident that the settlers could not repulse the foe, and so the retreat was turned in the direction of the stockade or fort, north of the agency. The savages seeing their intentions, attempted to thwart their plans by a general onslaught; but nobly and heroically did the valiant settlers fight for their wives and little ones. Many, however, fell before the fort was reached and the gate closed between them and danger; and on the pages of history this struggle is known as the Massacre of Yellow Medicine Agency. On the same day, the minions of Little Crow, Inkpaduta and Little Priest, scattering out over the country, began a general massacre. Acton, in Meeker county, really became the scene of the first bloodshed, if we except that at the Hermit Hut, the home of the Boy Brigade. Fort Ridgely was closely besieged, and the country to the south overrun. The call to arms rung through the north, and everywhere the hardy young yeomanry of the land left the plow within the furrow and the harvests ungleaned and rushed to battle. The woods of Minnesota rung wild with the war-whoop of the savages and the shouts of their enemies. But few troops were in the State. Forts Riley, Ridgely and Abercrombie could not muster over two hundred men, and so the savages had but little to contend with in their onward rush to the destruction of the whites. But history ut little to contend with in their onward rush but little to contend with in their onward rush to the destruction of the whites. But history has recorded all the main facts of this terrible Indian outbreak. We have only to deal with one of the chains of incidents consequent upon the war, and which has escaped the notice of the

When Emma joined her friends at the Openings, after the Eagle had rescued her by shooting down her captor, her first words were: Oh, they have got Maggie! the Indians have

captured her!"
Before any one could respond, the savages burst from the woods, and all sought shelter in flight. Not until all those that had escaped were inside of the fort was the subject of Maggie's

There was one person among the band of be-sieged that noticed a wild look of uneasiness upon the face of Ivan and his party; and had it not been for the general excitement that pre-vailed among the crowd, others might have noticed that their looks were the outgrowth of a guilty conscience. Even their meyognetic and noticed that their looks were the outgrowth of a guilty conscience. Even their movements and very actions denoted guilt; and finally they went to one side and entered into a secret conversation—very suspicious under the circumstances.

"Boys," said Ivan, glancing furtively around him, "I'm afraid an awful crime rests upon our heads."

him, "I'm afraid an awful crime".
heads."
"You mean 'bout that Sure Shot Seth affair,
don't you?" asked Rube Johnson.
"Yes; the Indians, I expect, found him and
"Yes; the Indians, I expect, found him and

"Mebby, though," said Abe Thorn, "Maggie and Emma let him loose before the Indians come; you know Emma run out of the woods near where we left him."

near where we left him."

"S'pose we ask Emma," said Rube Johnson.

"Heavens, no!" replied Ivan, "for if he didn't get away, that'll let the whole secret out; and if he should be found dead, we might get our necks stretched.

"We might ask her if she seen him," said Gus.

Stewart.
"No," persisted Ivan; "we don't want to say a word about him, for all know that we were

away when the shootin' match begun; and if we should go to askin' any questions, it might raise suspicion at once. Just keep still, and when I get out of this fort, I'll slip out into the woods and so if he is there wet.

get out of this fort, I'll slip out into the woods and see if he is there yet.

Thus the matter was settled for the time being, and finally, when darkness set in, the father of the captive girl, followed by Ivan and party, and, also, Tom Grayson and Harry Busted, stole out of the fort, and away into the woods without discovery by the red-skins.

When near the point where they tied Sure Shot Seth to the tree, Ivan whispered to one of his companions:

servent the selfer. And the self-control depends on the control depends of the control depends of the control depends of the control of the c tionless and breathless. He could see nothing. The darkness of night, and the cloud of sin hovering over his soul, blinded him. He swallowed back the great lump in his throat, stretched out his hand, and touched the tree.

He started back, as though he had touched the ship of the swallend of the started back.

the started back, as though he had touched the shining form of a serpent, and an icy chill was communicated by the touch to his whole body. For a moment he stood peering into the gloom, as immovably fixed as a stone statue. gloom, as immovably fixed as a stone statue. But, gradually recovering, he again put out his hand, and, touching the tree, ran his fingers downward along the trunk, feeling for the rope that girded it and the body of Sure Shot Seth, were the youth still there. Slowly he moved his fingers down, and when it came in contact with what he knew to be the rope, he started, with a low, gasping breath, as though his very soul had been suddenly convulsed.

The rope was still there, and he had no doubt now that Seth, living or dead, was on the opnosite side of the tree. for the strands were

posite side of the tree, for the strands were drawn taut.
"Seth!" he called, in a low tone, but started back, crouching as with abject terror, for the sound of his own voice seemed re-echoed by the sound of his own voice seemed re-echoed by the sepulchral voices of a dozen demons. Terror had wrought his brain to a frenzy. But now, wholly under the influence of fear, he moved around the tree, with his hand outstretched before him; and he had gone but a step or two when his fingers came in contact with something cold, unnatural to the touch. It was a human face, and and claymy in doath

face, cold and clammy in death.
"Great God! he's dead!" involuntarily burst
from the wretched boy's lips, and he turned to But that terrible flee. But that terrible, invisible power seized upon him again, and held him by the side of his

Ivan Le Clercq was suffering all the tortures Ivan Le Clercq was suffering all the tortures of a guilty conscience. His heart grew sick and his head dizzy. Finally, the thought of detection and a more terrible punishment rose in his mind, and measures toward concealing the crime were suggested. He never stopped to think that his four companions were equally guilty as himself, but reaching forward he cut the rope that bound the body to the tree. The stiffened corpse fell heavily to the ground. Ivan took up the rope and tossed it away out into the brush: the rope and tossed it away out into the brush; then he dragged the body into the undergrowth; and, with the reflection that the wolves would of a fellow-being resting upon his soul.

CHAPTER XI. THE LED TRAIL

Mr. Harris, accompanied by his young com-anions, pursued his way through the deep woods and lonely halls of the night. He knew where they would find the captive maiden, by scouting in all directions through the but by scouting in all directions through the woods, hoped to gain some clue to her where

inside of the fort was the subject of Maggie's capture brought up. Then the father of the missing girl sought out Emma, and from her learned the particulars of his daughter's capture. But she carefully omitted telling the object that had taken her and Maggie alone into the woods.

Mr. Harris' agony and suspense became intense. The savages surrounded the fort, and there was no escape until darkness should set in. The sun was still two hours high, and during the time spent in waiting for the shadows of night, the distracted father made prepara-

tions for going in search of his child. A number of friends volunteered to go with him; and among them were Ivan Le Clercq and his four boon companions.

There was one person among the band of besieged that noticed a wild look of uneasiness sieged that noticed a wild look of uneasiness when the face of Ivan and his party; and had it.

victims of the deepest remorse and most painful fear. It was a punishment they were receiving for their bad conduct, their wicked ways, and cruelty to others who did not please them, or who refused to become followers of that young vagabond, Ivan Le Clercq.

Hitherto, these boys had been brave and fearless in the woods at night; but now, with the fear of retribution for the crime of murder hanging over them, they became timid and cowardly; and shrunk close to each other; and started, even at the snap of a twig, or the rustle of a bush, proving, beyond a doubt, that courage and strength comes only of a clear conscience and strength comes only of a clear conscience—that cowardice is the offspring of evil.

For hours the party journeyed on through the woods, but as Ivan failed to join them, Rube Johnson plucked his three companions aside, and said:

Boys, Ivan has either been lost or else got

Boys, Ivan has either been lost or else got into trouble; and I don't think we'd ort to desert him. We're all to blame if Sure Shot Seth is dead; and I expect he is."

"Oh, I wish we hadn't tied him up to the tree," said Abe Thorne, regretfully.

"But then we didn't mean to have him killed," answered Gus Stewart.

"I know it: but then the law won't excess

ed," answered Gus Stewart.
"I know it; but then the law won't excuse ignorance, and if it's ever found out, we'll be apt to hang like Zeke Snyder did," said Rube.
"Oh! oh!" exclaimed his frightened, horrified

companions.

Here the conversation dropped, for Mr. Harris and the rest of the party had stopped to wait

Here the conversation dropped, for Mr. Harris and the rest of the party had stopped to wait till they came up.

"Giving out, boys?" asked Harris.

"Oh, no," answered Rube; "we can follow long as you can lead, Mr. Harris."

"Well, I'm beginning to think that it's useless tramping 'round here through the night, and propose we camp here until daybreak," answered the settler.

To this all assented, and then all but one lay down upon the earth to rest. Few eyes closed in sleep, however; the terrors and excitement of the day were too fresh in every mind to admit of the composing influence of slumber.

By daybreak every man and boy was ready to march; and without a bite of breakfast they took their lonely way through the woods, trusting to Providence for something to eat.

Fortunately, they struck an Indian trail soon after sunrise, and although there was nothing in the trail to convince them that Maggie was in the party, all concluded that, as the enemy were moving away from the Agency, they had her in custody.

else could this have been but the frail, tender maiden, Maggie Harris, whose beauty was far more calculated to inspire devotion and admiration in the savages' breasts than any feeling of ill or barbarous treatment.

Mr. Harris grasped at this clue, slight as it was, to his child's whereabouts; and became anxious to resume the search at once. Tom, however, more prudent and thoughtful despite his years, advised caution and moderation; and after a sumptuous repast had been made off the deer, and portions of it roasted and stowed away in pockets for future need, the party took the trail.

he trail.

They followed on about two miles, when hey struck the eastern shore of Lake Rock sland. Here it appeared that the enemy had aken to the water, and although the lake was mall, it afforded an admirable place of shelter mong its many rocky islands.

Wr Harris suggested a division of the rocks.

Mr. Harris suggested a division of the party o scout around the lake, but before this could e carried into effect, a "dugout," with five Indians, was seen creeping down toward the

Our friends at once dropped back under cover the woods, watching the red-skins narrowly.
hey soon reached the shore and landed, but
d no captive with them; and so Tom Grayson, had no captive with them; and so Tom Grayson, as well as his companions, were led to believe that Maggie had been secreted among the islands in the lake, and as soon as the red-skins had passed out of sight, the pursuers began moving around the lake to the north. As they advanced, the shore became rough, broken and rocky, and in many places shelving and precipitous. The path they were following finally pressed them to the water's edge; and once there, there was no deviation to the right nor left, unless they scaled the hights or took to the lake.

They had filed along the narrow way until the

stopped and exclaimed:
"Boys, what if the Indians should cage us in

The little party started with an exclamation; the idea had never entered their minds before.
"We cannot observe too much precaution," said Mr. Harris.

said Mr. Harris.

"No; if the enemy should see us in here, it would be all day with us," said Tom. "We could neither retreat nor advance, and of course, we couldn't climb this embankment; so the lake would be our only avenue of escape. Who knows but that we've been led into this?"

"Oh, gracious! look here!" suddenly burst from Rube Johnson's lips, as he pointed out across the water.

Oh, God!" cried Daniel Harris, at the sight

the passage, with her back toward them and her hands tied at her back, they beheld the form of Maggie Harris; while crouched before her in the mouth of the cavern was a huge panther with dripping jaws, glowing eyeballs, and quivering tail. The animal was ready for the leap, and waited only for a movement of Maggie as the

The maiden seemed transfixed with horror, for she never moved nor uttered a sound indicative of fear.

The head of the terrible beast could be seen only to the left of Maggie's cheek and just over her shoulder. To change the position either to the right or left, the walls of the defile concealed the panther from view, while it was impossible to get above them on the bluff. The body of the beast could be seen distinct enough, but it lay in such a position that a bullet shot at it would range backward without any fatal result, in which case the wounded creature would soon destroy the helpless girl. The only vital spot exposed was the right eye; but this could be reached from the shore only at the risk of Maggie's life; for this vital mark lay in a range with the maiden's cheek, and that range would not admit of an inch deviation.

To slay the beast without injuring Maggie would require the skill and nerve of an unerring shot. The skill was present, but not the nerve; for Mr. Harris, as well as the boys, had all been wildly excited by the terrible situation in which they found the maiden. Tom Grayson was the best shot in the party, but he refused to shoot. His hands trembled. He raised his rifle once, but lowered it again, saying:

"I dare not shoot, Mr. Harris. To wound the panther would be sure to result in a horrible death to Maggie; and to shoot it in the head, a bullet must fairly graze the maiden's cheek."

"Oh, my God!" cried the distracted father, "my child will be torn to pieces! The moment she moves it will spring upon her! For heaven's sake, boys, make no noise that will draw her attention away. So long as she gazes into the eyes of the beast, it may not attack her. Both are under a terrible fascination—that of each other's countenance. But, boys, won't some of you try a shot?"

"I'll try one," said the voice of a newcomer, and turning, all beheld that strange, wild youth who had won the prize at the shooting-match—the indomitable young Eagle-from-Sky-Puncher-Peak.

"Oh my young friend" cried Hayre.

There was really no alternative but to obey, and Mr. Harris and his young friends at once beat a hasty retreat in the direction they had come, pursued by the yelling savages.

The Eagle reached the island before the savaranthic manner of the savaranthic manner of the savaranthic manner. The Eagle reached the island before the savages were within gunshot, and assisting Maggie to her feet, conducted her to a point of safety on the opposite side of the island.

"You see, Maggie," the youth said, "I am now having a chance to repay your kindness."

"Oh, my friend!" she cried, "I am almost crazy. The Lord only knows what I have suffered since a captive. But, tell me, did the savages destroy the settlement?"

"Oh, my friend!" she cried, "I am almost crazy. The Lord only knows what I have suffered since a captive. But, tell me, did the savages destroy the settlement?"

"Not altogether, Miss Maggie," the lad answered; "though, several were killed before the fort was reached. Your friends are all alive, I am happy to say."

"I know my dear father is," she answered, "for I saw him on the shore; but, are we not in great peril, here?"

"We're in danger, it is true; but we must not despair. If we can hold the red-skins at bay, we will get off after night sets in.

"How?" Maggie asked, perplexedly.

"Some one will bring a boat to us, surely; if not, I can construct a raft out of this drift-wood. But, remain here under cover, Maggie, and I will watch the movements of those savages," the gallant youth answered.

o deviation to the right nor left, unless they caled the hights or took to the lake.

They had filed along the narrow way until the rest shore was reached, when Tom Grayson topped and exclaimed:

"Boys, what if the Indians should cage us in the standard of the save of t dirt from his face and hands and the his clothing in such a different, yet really natural way, that the boy was completely transformed from the odd, grotesque-looking Eagle-of-Sky-Puncher-Peak, to a different being; and that being was—Sure Shot Seth, the Boy Rifterent being was shot was a sure was a

Maggie Harris was not ignorant of his identity. She and Emma Milbank had rescued him from the tree where Ivan Le Clercq and his companions had bound him; and that Ivan and his party might suffer the remove that they now really were, these two brave and fearless girls had assisted Seth in arranging his disguise and keeping the secret. Unfortunately, their kindness to Seth had resulted in Maggie's capture;

"Oh, God!" cried Damei Harris, at the sight that met his gaze, and clutching his brow, he staggered back and would have fallen but for aiden, the wall of rocks that supported him.

CHAPTER XII.

"Oh, God!" cried Damei Harris, at the sight had resulted in Maggie's capture; but never for a moment did the kind-hearted maiden regret what she had done.

Returning to Maggie, Sure Shot Seth, as we will now call the Eagle-of-Sky-Puncher-Peak, and clutching his brow, he had resulted in Maggie's capture; but never for a moment did the kind-hearted maiden regret what she had done.

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Returning to Maggie, Sure Shot Seth, as we will now call the Eagle-of-Sky-Puncher-Peak, and clutching his brow, he had done.

CHAPTER XII.

THE BOY RESCUER.

A BREATHLESS silence fell upon the little party.

Rube Johnson with outstretched arm pointed toward the nearest island in the little lake.

Every eye following in the direction indicated, beheld a fearful sight.

The island was about fifty yards from the shore. It was a rocky bed with but little shrubbery. A narrow defile starting at the water's edge, terminated in a sort of low cavern, and in edge, terminated in a sort of low cavern, and in edge, terminated in a sort of low cavern, and in edge, terminated in a sort of low cavern, and in the Eagle-of-Sky-Puncher-Peak, was greeted with a smile.

"You have discarded your disguise?"

"Yes; I think it has served me through," he answered. "I don't think one of my five young entered with a moile.

"Then you won the prize at the contest?" she said, her pretty eyes sparkling with admiration and delight, as she gazed upon the manly form and handsome face of the boy hero.

"Yes; without any trouble, Maggie, thanks to you and Miss Milbank. This is the gun, and with it I slew Emma's captor, then ran into the woods in hopes of saving you, but was too late." I wonder what Ivan thinks of his treatment of you by this time?" she asked.

"I presume he thinks the Indians found me and slew me; and I desire that he knows no different until he has suffered in conscience, if he has any conscience at all, sufficient to make a better boy of him."

"He is a bad boy, and I am afraid nothing will reform him," said Maggie. "Then you hav'n't seen anything of them since yesterday?"

"Not of Ivan; the other four were with your father a few minutes ago; but I know they fail-

"Not of Ivan; the other four were with your father a few minutes ago; but I know they failed to recognize me."
"Oh, dear! dear!" cried the maiden, as her mind reverted to the horrors through which she had so recently passed; "I hope I will not have to pass through another such night of peril; but then if an Indian war has begun, we may all be slain."

"Do not borrow trouble, Maggie," said Seth, his eyes beaming with a light of admiration; "as soon as the news reaches the government authorities, troops will be sent in to quell the sav-

"But it may be too late to save us, then."
"We must trust to fate, and not give up
until resistance and perseverance are no longer

"We must trust to fate, and not give up until resistance and perseverance are no longer of avail."

Scarcely had he spoken the last word when a bullet whistled past his ears and flattened against the rock behind him. Glancing along the east shore he saw a cloud of smoke hanging upon the edge of the woods, nearly two hundred yards away. The distance, and the close proximity of the shot to his head, caused him to marvel; for he knew that, as a general thing, there were no such shots among the savages.

For fear that another shot might be more successful, he withdrew with Maggie to the interior of the island, and they concealed themselves in a sort of a cave or a pocket in the rocky slit. Here they would have to wait until darkness came to their relief; and the moments that the young people passed there in each other's society were moments of supreme joy, to which the surrounding danger and their situation gave an air of wild romance.

Sure Shot Seth became deeply interested in Maggie, and that interest gradually deepened beyond mere friendship. From the moment he had met the maiden in the forest where Ivan and his friends had bound him, her bright, blue eyes and radiant, girlish face, threw the enchantment of love around his boyish heart. It was his first love, and, scarcely conscious of the power that had come over the spirit of his usually free and light heart, he had been led on to risk danger and hardships in search of her—to gratify that strange longing which, he finally admitted to himself, was the longing of love.

On the other hand, Maggie had conceived an admiration for Seth that was fast developing into reciprocal love; and Seth was not slow in noticing her confidence and trust in him. But, both were young and unsophisticated in the workings and changes to which the human heart is susceptible; and so permitted no doubt, no fear, to cross the unruffled tranquillity and pleasure of love's young dream.

As the moments wore away into minutes, and the minutes into hours, the attention of the young recole was

As the moments were away into minutes, and the minutes into hours, the attention of the young people was suddenly drawn to the form of an Indian standing on the southern shore of the lakelet. He was over three hundred yards away, elso Seth would have been tempted to try him away rife inon him.

away, elso Seth would have been tempted to try his new rifle upon him.

From appearances, he was a young war-chief, decorated in all the paraphernalia of barbaric finery. His scarlet blanket flashed brightly in the sun, and contrasted handsomely with the spotted jaguar skin that girded his loins. His movements were somewhat awkward and stiff, as though unaccustomed to the dignity required of one of his position.

"There seems to be more of the white man than the red-skin about that fellow yonder," and if I mistake not, he is a white man."

man."

"I am sure the announcement gives me no more hope than ever," answered Maggie, "for I would rather be the prisoner of a red Indian

than a white one."
"Yes, ten times, Maggie," answered Seth;
"but I don't propose that you shall be either, if
Leen help it " I can help it."

They watched the chief until he had left the

beach, then entered into a discussion of the events of the day. And thus the day wore away without any further demonstration on the part of the enemy; but about sunset a sharp and vigor-ous firing was heard in the woods east of the lake, and that a battle was going on, Seth had not a single doubt.

Night finally closed in and put an end to the

not a single doubt.

Night finally closed in and put an end to the firing; and now Sure Shot Seth became restless and uneasy. He knew the enemy would avail themselves of the cover of darkness to regain the island and their fair captive, and, as they were likely to come in force, it would be impossible for him to repel them. He had been unable to do any thing toward the construction of a raft during the day, and now the darkness made it almost impossible. His only hopes lay in Maggie's friends coming to their relief before the Indians got there.

The moon would not be up before ten o'clock, and the gloom was rendered more intense by the gray mist that hung over the lake.

Seth silently paced the shore in eager anticipation of the approach of friends, ever and anon halting to listen for some sound. But a deep silence reigned. Not a breath of air was stirring—not a ripple chafed the island.

With her shawl drawn hood-like over her head, Maggie, tired and hungry, sat under a ledge within the sound of her young protector's footsteps.

Suddenly the discharge of firearms burst

Suddenly the discharge of firearms burst

upon the night, heavy, sullen, and stunning; and was followed by yells and groans that fairly chilled the blood in the veins of Seth and The latter sprung from her seat, and, running

to Sure Shot's side, grasped him by the arm and What did that mean, Seth?"

"I am afraid that the friends we have been waiting for, and the Indians we have expected, have run together on the water," answered Seth; "from the sound, however, I think our friends were the ones that fired."

were the ones that fired."
Silence succeeded the murderous discharge of weapons. Not a sound could be heard, and what the result of the collision had been, Seth could not tell. But in the course of a few minutes the sound of waves breaking upon the island became distinctly audible. As there was carrefurning our friends knew a heat must be no air stirring, our friends knew a boat must be

approaching.

In a breathless silence they waited and listen ed. Soon the faint dip of a paddle was heard. Seth strained his eyes into the gloom, and was soon enabled to make out the dimmest outlines of a long boat creeping toward them

The silence observed was sufficient evidence

The silence observed was sufficient evidence of itself, that the craft contained enemies; and making this fact known to Maggie in a whisper, the two stepped back under the shadow of a shelving rock, and waited the approach of the craft, Seth with his revolver in hand.

The danger that threatened the young folks seemed to strenghten their eyesight, or else, at this juncture, it became somewhat lighter, for they were now enabled to make out the dark length of a long "dugout," with three persons seated in it, quite distinctly.

The prow of the craft soon touched the island when the occupants landed, and having drawn the boat partly upon the beach, turned and moved cautiously away across the island. They passed within a few paces of Seth and Maggie; and no sooner were they out of sight than Seth whispered:

whispered:

"Now's our time, Maggie. Let us jump into their boat and flee."

Maggie made no dissent, but, taking hold of Seth's arm, permitted herself to be led to the boat. Stepping into the craft, Seth assisted the maiden in and to a seat. But the instant she

sat down she uttered a little cry of terror, for her seat moved under her—a savage, who lay curled up in the craft evidently for that very purpose, sprung to his feet and uttered a yell. But it was his last. Scarcely had the sound died upon his lips ere Seth's revolver flashed in his face, and he fell overboard into the lake, his limbs beating the water in his last agonies.

But Sure Shot Seth now found himself in a dilemma from which there was no escape. Before he could get the dugout off, or seek shelter among the rocks, the three savages were upon him. He turned and met them, revolver in hand. One of them shot past him, and, leaping into the boat, seized Maggie. Seth was standing up in the prow at the time, and the impetus with which the savage landed in the dugout shot was pitched forward, head foremost, upon the beach.

As the youth fell, he fired his revolver and

the beach.
As the youth fell, he fired his revolver and killed one of the remaining warriors; but before he could regain his feet the other had grappled, and together they fought in deadly embrace upon the beach.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 353.)

WOMAN.

BY JOHN HARRIOT.

Woman, what art thou? Why dost thou twine
So firmly round the heart of man?
A way to fly thee he cannot find,
But ever bows to thy command
Art thou an angel sent from Heaven?
For good or evil wast thou given?

At home in peace—abroad in sorrow—
When on the land or ruffled sea,
His joys from thee he still must borrow,
Without thee, what a wretch were he!
When wandering far, from pole to pole,
Thou art his hope, his life, his soul.

And yet thou deem'st that those away
Cannot thee love as others do,
That one who from thy charms would stray
Possesses not a heart that's true!
But, oh! his heart is ever thine;
He roams the world thy smile to find.

The wandering heart when on the sea,
As far he roves away, away—
Will everturn and worship thee!
From thee it will not, cannot stray.
Thou art forever his guiding star,
His soul is thine, though he's afar. Believe it not—he who can dwell
Forever in his lady's bower
Knows no the bosom's ardent swell,
As hope dwells on the happy hour,
When he again shall tread the strand
Where woman waves her magic wand.

BIG GEORGE, The Giant of the Gulch.

BY JOS. E. BADGER, JR., AUTHOR OF "LITTLE VOLCANO, THE BOY MINER," "OLD BULL'S-EYE," "PACIFIC PETE," ETC., ETC.

> CHAPTER XXXII. CORRALED!

Our from the bush-screened tunnel, on along the beaten path to and past the stone building and rude huts, Bart Noble led his "forlorn hope" with cooked revolvers, each and every man eager for the death grapple. Separating at the bridge, they rushed down the narrow trails, shouting encouragement to their comrades and stern deflance to their enemies.

agement to their comrades and stern defiance to their enemies.

And then—what a fall from the sublime to the ridiculous. The two parties met at the breastworks, staring at each other in blank dismay. Where was the enemy?

"Sold, by thunder!" snorted Bart, dashing his battered hat to the ground and grinding it beneath his heel.

Words were too feeble to do the subject justice, though an abundance of strong and highly-seasoned ones were fluing around promiscuously. An outsider suddenly dropped down near the spot would have felt sure that a "cursing match" was in progress—with every prospect of turning out a marvelous success.

with every prospect of turning out a marvelous success.

This storm was too furious to last long; the overwhelming volleying gradually descended to skirnish firing, from a general salute it became particular cursing—black words and blacker looks being concentrated upon one unlucky head. Jose Sylva received them meekly. The disappointment had been a very bitter one to him, and for the moment his dejection made him look very much like a detected trickster.

"Look at the durned greaser!" growled Pickerel Dan. "I b'lieve he know'd it all the time, an' jist coaxed us yere, so's to give them whelps more time to levant!"

"Ef he did, he desarves hangin'!" said Gopher.

pher.

"String him up—the lyin' cur!" came a flerce cry, from several voices, and it would have fared hard with the Mexican, only for the prompt interference of Bart Noble.

"None o' that, fellows. You don't tetch him without you crawlall over my back fust! I'll go my bottom dollar on this feller. He's got more cause to hate Big George then the best o' ye."

"I thank you, senor; you but do me justice," earnestly replied Sylva. "I thought sure we would find them here. And they may be, yet; there are the houses—"

would hid decom-are the houses—"
'The hint was enough. A rush was made and the buildings quickly searched. Only one person was discovered; black Dinah, still in a drunken slumdiscovered; black Dinah, still in a drunken slumber. Hoping to extract some information from her, two men grasped her ankles, two others her shoulders, then staggered beneath their load down to the bridge. A sheet-iron bucket was fastened to the end of a trail-rope, and with water drawn from the river, the negress received such a washing as she had not been blessed with in many a long year. Gasping and half strangled, she was speedily restored to consciousness.

Though she could tell them nothing, save that Big George and his two brothers had been in the gilch when she "went to sleep," the time devoted to her was not wasted, since it convinced all concerned that Jose had been acting throughout in good faith.

good fatth.

"Gentlemen," said the Mexican, speaking like one who had formed a desperate resolve, "there is one more chance; if that fails, then I must give in beaten. Less than two hours' hard ride from here is an old Mission, which the ladrones sometimes used. Unless they are there, I am at a loss where to look further."

"Out and to horse, then!" cried Bart. "I'll hunt over every inch o' Californy but what I'll hev the cusses now! Lively, boys—you lead the way, pard."

Jose performed his duty admirably, and the vigulantes seconded him as well the seconded him as

way, pard."

Jose performed his duty admirably, and the vig-llantes seconded him so well that scarce half a mile divided them from Big George and Little Pepper, as these worthies descended into the Mis-sion valley.

Pepper, as these worthies descended into the Mission valley.
"Sometimes they keep a look-out posted near this point," said Sylva, peering eagerly forward.
Scarce had he spoken these words when a gigantic, nearly nude figure leaped out from under a clump of bushes, giving utterance to a long, shrill yell, then darted down the hillside toward the Mission, yelling at every jump, keeping unmusical time to the rapid popping of revolvers as the vigilantes opened brisk fire upon him. Just as he reached the level, he made his last leap, falling headlong upon the green sward, quivering, his limbs distorted in the agonies of death.

But the harm was done. His yells had warned the Mexicans below, and as the vigilantes descended the slope, the hindmost men were just crowding into the building. Then the massive door was closed.
"Don't give 'om time to breathe!" valled Bart.

sed.
'Don't give 'em time to breathe!'' yelled Bart ble. "Charge right up an' bu'st open the do'!

Noble. "Charge right up the Hoorsy!"

A wild cheer rose above the clattering of hoofs, and like human grenades the sturdy miners followed their leader. Two-thirds of the distance was covered ere a sound came from the stone building. Then an irregular volley was discharged from the narrow loops.

Then an irregular volley was discharged from the narrow loops.

A strangled yell of pain—a bitter curse—a heavy fall: the volley had not been without effect. Two is addles were emptied, by death. Several others of the vigilantes were visibly reeling in their seats; and still the deadly fusilade centinued. Yet the charge was not checked. Right on, even until his animal's hoofs rung against the huge doorstep, did bluff Bart Noble lead his men. Leaping from the saddle, he hurled himself against the door. It was like a giant attempting to overthrow a meuntain. Several of his men seconded his efforts. Others rode up and fired their pistols through the loop-tholes. Two more saddles were emptied here before bull-headed Bart could bring himself to utter the bitter word retreat. And even when he did speak it, he was not obeyed until he mounted and

showed his men the road back, so desperately were they enraged.

Casting their animals loose, the survivors gathered together in a clump of trees beyond gunshot, and as their blind passion gradually cooled, they found time to count up their losses. A dozen men had been "barked" by bullets, more or less deeply; three others were lying upon the grass which was fast changing color with their best heart's blood; five brawny figures lay scattered along the trail, their earthly battles forever ended.

"A black show!" sternly muttered Bart Noble. "A black show!" sternly muttered Bart Noble. "A black show!" at mighty little to set ag'in' it on t'other side. I don't reckon thar's enough lives in yender to hafe pay fer these pore galoots—an' I sw'ar never to give over while one o' them devils has life enough in him to kick the brains out o' a sick fly—so help me God!"

"The hull crowd's with ye, Uncle Bart," cried Gopher, spitting out a mouthful of blood; he had received a pistol ball through both cheeks. "They've putt me out o' fix fer chawin' terbacker, but ef I ever git within arm's length o' any o' them, I'll make the few teeth the cusses has left me meet in the flesh—you hear me talk!"

Then followed an animated discussion as to the best method of accomplishing their purpose. A variety of plans were proposed, but on sifting them, not one would answer unless at too great a loss of life.

variety of plans were proposed, but on sifting them, not one would answer unless at too great a loss of life.

While this consultation was in progress, Jose Sylva stole away from the party, and taking advantage of every bush and bowlder, succeeded in making a detour, coming out behind the building, unseen by any of its occupants. A few moments sufficed for his purpose, and then he retraced his steps, crouching upon the ground and listening in silence to the several propositions. Then, as invention seemed exhausted, he spoke.

"You have all taken your turn, friends; now I wish to speak. You may not have noticed that there is but one door to that building—the one before us. There are two windows on each side, but they are heavily grated with iron bars, besides being commanded by loopholes such as you see in front. On the back there are neither windows, door nor loopholes. We can crawl up there without fear of being picked off by those within."

"An' butt our way headfust right through the forty-foot thick wall—oh! ya-as!" spitefully retorted Gopher, nursing his jaws.

"Through the wall, yes; only it is but little more than three feet thick."

"As well three thousand, without tools!"

"A few knives, a little powder, a stone or two; all these tools are here, and I ask no more. Give me two stout men to aid me, and I'll agree to open a way through that wall large enough for our purpose within an hour," confidently said the Mexican.

"By blastin'9" asked Bart Noble.

a way through that wall large enough for our purpose within an hour," confidently said the Mexican.

"By blastin'?" asked Bart Noble.

"Yes. The further end of the old building was destroyed in some manner. The one door which opened into that apartment was walled up, and no fresh loopholes were cut. There is a short crack, some three inches wide, by four feet in length, near one corner. We can pour in powder—after picking away some bits of mortar—tamp up the crack, set fire to a fuse; then our work is done. If they overhear us at work, they must fully expose themselves upon the roof, or else open the door and come around the house before they can touch us. That can easily be guarded against. Half a dozen men among yonder rocks can keep the roof clear; the rest can crawl over yonder and guard the door."

"An' this is the critter you fellers was goin' to lynch back yender!" cried Bart, admiringly patting Sylva upon the shoulder. "Fer headwork an' clean strategy he kin jest double discount the hull outfit! Scatter thar, you fellers; put a bit o' lead through every inch o' hide 'at shows itself. Pickerel Dan an' me'll go 'long o' Jose; I've got a bit o' fuse in my clo'es somewhar."

Armed with several powder-flasks, the trio stole off upon their mission, while the other men secured the positions most favorable for keeping roof and entrance clear.

The Mexican's words were found true. The crack was a deep one, and seemed favorable for their purpose. A few minutes sufficed to remove sundry bits of mortar and enlarge the crevice at one point. Then the powder-flasks were emptied, the fuse inserted and held in its place by a handful of gravel and pounded stone-dust were driven firmly home, until the cravice was completely plugged up, and the effect of the explosion could almost certainly be predicted by the experienced miners.

"Go now," said Bart to Jose. "Go tell the boys to sneak round here, 'cept them as is on the rocks.

miners.

"Go now," said Bart to Jose. "Go tell the boys to sneak round here, 'cept them as is on the rocks. They must stay thar to pick off any as tries to escape through the do."

Five minutes later all was in readiness, then Bart lit the fuse from the bowl of his pipe. Scarcely had he reached his cover, when a tremendous explosion shook the very hills.

CHAPTER XXXIII. LEAD AND FIRE.

"Bluff, hey?" squeaked athin, falsetto voice, with a snift of ill-disguised contempt. "Bluff me—the ontamed mu-el o' Whang Doodle Flats? You must be sick! Thar—see your thousan' an' call ye;

with a snift of ill-diskulsed contempt. "Bluff me—the outamed mu-el o' Whang Doodle Flats? You must be sick! Thar—see your thousan' an' call ye; what ye got?'
"Two pa'r—both on 'em kings," chucklingly replied another voice. "Go 'way, flush—you cain't shine with this chicken, not much! You kin play a pritty fa'r serub game o' draw, boy, 'ut you ain't got the skience of it yit, though you're 'provin', you're 'provin', lad."

"Talk's cheap—your tongue's mighty limber long's you're 'head o' the game. It's luck—nothin' but blind, stud-hoss luck! J-st wait a bit. I'm comin' fer ye, red-hot, you bet! Thar's a cool hundred blind—shuffle'em up lively, old coon!"

"It's most like robbin' ye bar' handed, boy. You don't stan' no kind o' show 'long o' me. I reckon I'm king pin when it comes down to pure skientific poker."

It was a peculiar scene. A little square log cabin, with gravel floor, and no ceiling save the pole rafters and layers of bark, through cracks in which streamed in the golden rays of the sun. Two men occupied the shanty. One was lying in one corner of the room, his hands behind him, his feet and legs wrapped round with a dozen turns of rawhide rope. He seemed sleeping, so motionless did he lie; yet, through his closed lids, two keen eyes were eagerly watching the other man, who was seated near the door, his dirty, horny fingers dextrously manipulating a pack of dog-cared cards.

A burly, rough-clad fellow, with knife and brace of revolvers at his walst, dealing the cards, then inspecting his own hand with as much caution as though confronting an adept in the gambler's art. Once more the two voices were audible; the shrill, high-pitched one, and the deep, sonorous reply. The "blind" was made good, cards were discarded and others drawn; a bet was made, raised, re-raised, and finally "seen" and "called," hands were shown, and once more came the patronizing advice to the "boy," the angry retort, as the limp bits of pasteboard were being shuffled for another deal; and all by the red-bearded miner with his magi

growl. The gambler glanced over his shoulder pettishly.

"What's the matter o' you? Don't you got no more politeness then to make sech a outlandish fuss when gen'lemen's busy 'musin' tharselves?'

"I'm sick—burnin' up!" groaned the prisoner, rolling his head from side to side, his eyes protruding, his face horribly distorted. "I'm burnin' up—I'm dyin'—!"

"Jest my luck!" snarled the gambler. "Sure's I git in a streak o' fust class luck, somethin' must come 'long an' bu'st it to thunder an' guns! Sa-ay; cain't you put it off jist a little? I've got the ripsnortin'est hand—I'm sure to win, an' ef you'll only act decent, I'll stan' in with ye."

"Water—water! I'm burnin' up!" gasped the prisoner, his spasms growing more violent. "Give me water, if you air a Christian man! water! water!"

ment.

"The roof's the easiest," muttered Red Pepper, after a swift glance around him. "I must git out o' here afore they smell mischief. I ain't in a good fix to run a foot-race—durn that hoss!" he snaried, rubbing his injured leg. "One armed an' one legged—yit they'd better not push me too close!"

snarled, rubbing his injured leg. "One armed an' one legged—yit they'd better not push me too close!"

Despite his disabled condition, the wound in his right shoulder rendering that arm nearly useless, now that his mad rage had sobered with the murder of his guard, R d Pepper succeeded in climbing up the logs, and, holding on with one hand, attacked the bark roof with his knife. In a sound condition he would have found the task a trifling one, but now it was very difficult. Bruised and wounded, he made but little progress. Yet he doggedly persevered, even after the blood from his re-opened wounds soaked through their bandages and pattered upon the floor beneath. So intent was he on succeeding, that he failed to hear the sound of approaching footsteps, only ceasing when he heard a cheery voice calling aloud to the dead guard. Startled, he dropped his knife, and only saved himself from falling, with difficulty. Breathlessly he listened. The name of the dead man was repeated, in impatient, then with wondering tones. He heard the fastenings of the door rattle, and with a sudden hope, he dropped to the ground.

At that moment a cry of horror told that the newcomer had discovered the truth. Indeed, as he glided to the door, Red Fepper could see the man peering in through a crack between the logs, a look of horror upon his face.

There was no time to lose. That the man had divined the truth, he could not doubt. A moment more and he would sound the alarm. There was barely a chance that a pistol-shot might pass unnoticed. And, quick as thought, Red Pepper cocked a revolver, thrusting it through the crack, and fired, with the muzzle almost touching the man's face.

fired, with the muzzie almost couching the man of face.

The miner staggered back, throwing up his arms with a wild, horrible screech of agony. Turning, he ran swiftly for several yards toward the town, then fell forward upon his face, dead.

Unfortunately for the hopes of Red Pepper, at that very moment a man was standing in the door of the Mint, looking toward the log jail. He heard the shot, the death cry, saw the man whirl around and fall like a log. The signs could not be mistaken.

the shot, the death-cry, saw the man whirl around and fall like a log. The signs could not be mistaken.

"Thar's mischief goin' on at the 'boose, boys! Somebody's shot Rattlin' Joe!" he yelled, drawing a revolver and rushing toward the log cabin. Like magic the alarm spread, and scarcely had the echoes of the death-yell died away when a dozen men were rushing eagerly toward the scene. And as quickle were they checked. Three pistol-shots were fired in swift succession. Two of the foremost men dropped in their tracks; a third spun around upon his heel with a howl of pain, blood streaming from his cheek.

"Kiver, boys!" screamed Cotton-top, himself setting the example. "That devil Red Pepper's got loose! He must 'a' murdered Stumpy Dick an' tuck his weepons. Kiver!"

'Ef he did, then thar's four good men rubbed out a'ready!" muttered Eph McClellan, as they crouched down behind a sand-bank. "It'll cost a hull rijiment to take him out o' that hole!"

'Ef we cain't do no better we kin surround the 'boose an' starve the blamed galoot out," replied Cotton-top.

"I'd ruther swaller one o' his bullets a durned

boose an starve the chamed galoot out, replied Cotton-top.

"I'd ruther swaller one o' his bullets a durned sight! A hull town bluffed by one cuss? Wouldn't that sound nice? We'd never hear the eend on 't—never! No, sir! He's got to come out o' thar ef I hey to play it alone ag'inst him—you hear me

"He must be tuck alive—that you kin bet high on. He knows it'll be hangin' sure. We've got to rub him out, an' the sooner the better. They's one way: we kin all open fire on the 'boose, aimin' fer the cracks. He cain't dodge every bullet, s'posin' we surround the shanty. I reckon we mought as well begin to onet."

we surround the shanty. I reckon we mought as well begin to oncet."

The word was rapidly passed from man to man. Half an hour later the surround was effected, every man left in Blue Earth turning out to enjoy the sport. Then the fusilade open-d, and not a minute passed of the next two hours but what at least one shot was fired at the chinks. But Red Pepper seemed to bear a charmed life. Scarce a man could expose himself but what a bullet was winged from the house in his direction. One man was slain outright. Several more were wounded. Cotton-top uttered a wild yell of rage and pain as he clasped a hand over his face. A bullet from the boose had barked the end of his nose, causing the blood to flow freely, and giving him intense pain. From that moment all hesitation ceased. Cotton-top meant business.

Followed by Eph, he crawled away until protect-d from Red Panner's bullets by a friendly boxed of the results have a friendly become

pain. From that moment all hesitation ceased. Cotton-top meant business.

Followed by Eph, he crawled away until protect defrom Red Pepper's bullets by a friendly house, then confiscated a hand cart, the only one in town. Before this was bound a stout shield of bullet-proof planks, reaching to the ground. The cart was filled with a mass of hay, mixed with pine-knots and splinters. Powder, whisky and grease were poured over this. Above all were piled bits of light wood, bound in place by cords, wires and even chains. A lantern containing a lighted candle was also procured. Cotton-top and Eph McClellan grasped the handle and slowly pushed the cart before them, greeted by wild yells from the miners. Steadily they advanced until the calaboose walls were reached, unheeding the bullets which pattered against their barricade.

"Git the planks ready while I tetch the durned thing off," muttered Cotton-top, taking the candle and thrusting it under the mass of grass.

As the flames shot up with growing flerceness, the two men slowly retreated from the dangerous spot, holding each a stout oaken plank before them as a shield. Not even their hands were exposed, thanks to the rope I-ops nailed to the boards.

In safety they reached their covert, and then added their voices to the mad, exultant chorus of yells as the flames shot higher, lapping the dried logs and timbers in their devouring embrace.

And not a sound came from within. Red Pepper was resolved to die game, since die he must!

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Only pausing long enough to assure himself that the fuse was fairly ignited, Bart Noble turned and darted away toward the covert he had already selected. Scarcely had he sunk down behind the bowlder and turned his eager gaze toward the building when the explosion took place, with a deep, sullen roar. For a moment it seemed as though the entire building was falling, an utter wreck. But then, as the cloud of smoke and dust partially lifted on the fresh breeze, the vigilantes read the truth with a wild hurrah!

One entire corner and nearly two-thirds of the eastern side of the Mission had fallen, leaving an opening wide and clear enough to admit a charge of cavalry. WOODPECKER'S "PARD" AVENGED.

of cavairy.

"They're our meat, boys!" yelled Bart Noble, leaping forward. "Clear the crib out—blood for blood! Ondly the Peppers—take them alive et you kin. Whooray! Hyar's your ontamed catamound o' Roarin' River—sartin death to tetch, smell or bearled!"

prisoner, his spasms growing more violent. "Give me water, if you air a Christian man! water! water!"

"Thar's four oughts gone to thunder!" snarled the miner, dashing the cards petulantly from him. "Shet up, you howlin' galocit d'y want to skeer all the folks'twixt yere an' Fr'isco? Yer's water—drink your fill an' hold—oh—agh—agh—h—!"

Catching up at in canteen that stood in one corner, the guard stooped over the sufferer, placing one hand beneath his neck and raising his head so he could drink with more ease. Quick as lightning two brawny hands shot from beneath the prisoner's body, and closed around the miner's neck, until the fingers were fairly buried in his flesh. A choking, gurgling cry—a fierce struggle to release himself, then the unfortunate wretch was hurled to the ground, his head striking the lower log with terrible force. And while he lay quivering, his muscles suddenly relaxed, the long knife was plucked from his belt and buried to its very hilt in his breast, once, twice, thrice!

With a low, deviling every nerve, they gained the ruins, climbing over the scattered stones from which the blue smoke still oozed, and fairly sained fedenders could realize what had cocurred. Even when the Mexicans rushed to the breach to dispute the entrance of the fort weepons were emptied with little attempt at aim. Not so with the miners. Every bullet they sped, every blow they struck had its mission. Already a half-dozen Mexicans were down, dead or dying. The survivors were being driven back, too one-fused, too dazed to offer more than afeoble defense, a half-dozen Mexicans were down, dead or dying. The survivors were being driven back, too one-fused, too dazed to offer more than afeoble defense, only blig deorge and little Pepper were endeavoring to force the door of the doungeon below. Grasping their weapons of fiery red hair; the face of Red Pepper.

"A fold you lived an' like a foo you died!" he muttered, as he turned the body of his latest victim over with his foot, then stooped and secured the red was contro

logs. If nothing else, the calaboose at Blue Earth was well ventilated.

"Thar don't 'pear to be anybody stirrin'. I kin make the hills easy; an' oncet thar, the devil an' all his imps couldn't ketch me ag'in!"

Satisfied that the moment was propitious, Red Pepper slid back the heavy bolt, and pressed quick ly against the door. It did not move. He pulled the bolt still further back, then cast his whole weight against the door; but with no better success. The door was secured on the other side.

A furious storm of curses broke from the desperado's lips, as he realized this fact. E scape would not be so easy as he had believed. For a few moments he vented his insane anger upon the senseless barrier, plunging his knift again and again into the tough eaken planks, raving like a madman. But his senses soon returned. There was danger in delay. The guard had already been once relieved since his imprisonment. It was now nearly noon. Another relief might be expected at any moment.

"The roof's the easiest," muttered Red Pepper.

"The roof's the easiest," muttered Red Pepper. a better chaince. Come! they won't think o' the door—once out an' a critter-back, we'll be safe enough!"

Even as he spoke Little Pepper hurriedly removed the heavy iron bar, unhooked the chain and flung wide the door, only to fall dead upon the very threshold, a builet deep in his brain.

At the fall of the wall, the five men who had been stationed among the bowlders over the hillside, forgot their orders and rushed down eager to share in the fan. Just as they reached the building the door was flung wide open by Little Pepper, who was immediately shot down. Another bul'st glanced along Big George's temple. He staggered back with a howl of furious pain, and in that moment his only chance of escape was cut off. The doorway was filled with enemies. Bart Noble and his men were crow 'ing the surviving Mexicans desperately. There was nothing left him but to sell his life as dearly as possible.

The poorly-lighted room was full of smoke, crowded with yelling, shricking, cursing men who fought like demons, shifting rapidly here and there: a scene that baffles description, like a frightful nightmare, vague in details, yet a horrible, sickening whole.

The struggle was too desperate to last long. One by one his men fell, and Big George was forced to give ground until at last his back touched the hacked and battered door leading to the dungeon. Here he made his last stand, wounded in a dozen places, his pistols empty, his only weapon a blood-dripping knife, yet sternly deflant, a lion at bay.

"Give in, Big George!" cried Bart Noble, from the head of the stairs, with difficulty holding back his infuriated men. "Surrender while you kin!"

"Come and take me!" grated the outlaw, deflant!

kin!"
"Come and take me!" grated the outlaw, defi-The words had scarce passed his lips ere he sunk in a senseless heap to the floor, strick-n full between the eyes with the brass-bound but of a revolver, flung with all the strength of Bart's sinewy

tween the eyes with the brass-bound butt of a revolver, flung with all the strength of Birt's sinewy arm.

"Rope 'im, boys, hand an' foot!" yelled Noble.

"Whooraw fer hurray!"

He was promptly obeyed. Half a dozen eager hands seized upon the senseless giant, but before they could apply the ready cords, a startling interruption came.

A shrill, piercing scream, followed by a wild, eldritch peal of laughter, apparently coming from the bowels of the earth. The rough diggers started back with cries of wondering alarm.

"Help! for the love of God! help!" cried Bart Noble. "Quick, boys—out with Big George! Tell somebody to look fer an ax. Fetch down that iron bar. Thar's deviltry goin' on in yender!"

An ax was found lying upon the floor above, where Big George had dropped it, when he endeavored to escape. With it, Bart sturdily assaulted the already shattered door, and soon succeeded in cutting the hinges free. Then one desperate wrench, and the door was opened. As the torches cast their lurid light into the cell, a horrible, sickening picture was revealed.

cast their lurid light into the cell, a horrible, sickening picture was revealed.

A pale, trembling woman crouching in the further corner. The corpse of a man lying in a pool of blood. A wild, haggard figure sitting beside a mutilated corpse—the remains of Clarina Murier a, once wife of the notorious outlaw, Joaquin Murier a. As Saltpeter, Hammer Tom, and the Mexican G sapard; so with her—head resting upon the mutilated hand which lay upon her breast.

"Woodpecker!" gasped Bart Noble, shrinking back.

"Woodpecker!" gasped Bart Noble, shrinking back.
"Yes," quietly replied the miner, tossing back his tangled hair. "I swore I'd hev revinge fer my pard, and so I hev. She killed him—Petey, an'so I hed to kill her."
"Take me away—he will murder me too!" moaned the pale girl, rushing past the frightful trio and cliuging to Bart. "Take me away—to him—to George—"

"Wa-al, I ber-durned!" was all Bart could ut-ter, as he recognized Estelle Mack.
"Le's gif out o'yere," muttered Gopher. "I'm sicker'n a dog!" replied Bart, nodding to-ward Woodpecker. "This business must be looked into."

ward Woodpecker. "This business must be looked into."

"I'll go with ye, boys," listlessly spoke Woodpecker. 'They ain't nothin' more fer me to do in yere. Petey told me he was satisfed, now."

As he spoke he yielded up his weapons, following Gopher in silence, up the steps, through the bloodstained rooms, and out into the open air. Big George was lying bound, and still senseless. Noother captives had been taken. Terrible in their fury, the vigilantes had spared none but the glant nor had their passions subsided sufficiently for them to regret their mercilessness.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 345.)

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A CHRISTMAS DINNER.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

Another Christmas day is born
Upon the earth, let all be glad.
How fair the time, how sweet the morn
(I fear I'll carve this turkey, Ind.)
Let songs of gladness (Mercy, Prue,
Did that wing fly into your lap?)
On this bright morn be sung anew.
(That fork, it was a sad mishap!)

The world is under frost and snow,
The Christmas sky above is clear,
(Carving with me is mighty slow)
And happy hearts are full of cheer.
They seem to rise on gladsome wing
Above all care to-day, (How fast
A turkey's joints together cling!)
And reverence turns toward the past.

Day hallowed by long centuries,
(Miss Jane, the brown meat or the white?)
What hopes make bright its hovering skies!
(There goes the dressing, what a plight!)
Gay cheeks warm up with tender blood,
(Miss Kate, what part do you prefer?)
And eyes shine out in merry mood.
(That hungry child, just look at her!)

Let harmony and peace so sweet
Rule all this day of perfect joy;
(I'll box your ears if you don't eat
In better taste, now mind, my boy.)
Peace and good will this day shall reign—
(Lord, wife, what makes this tea so hot?)
A happy pair, a blessed twain.
(My coat, there'll be another spot.)

Let gladness cheer the dearest day
In all the calendar of life,
(Please pass the pepper-sauce this way,)
And put an end to every strife
That mars the earth, (Yes, forks were made
Long after hands) and let the sheath
On war-fields hide the battle-blade.
(That boy will choke himself to death!)

Nor yet forget the shivering poor,
Who know what hunger is, and pain,
(John, let me help you to some more.)
And cannot swell the Christmas strain.
No feast to-day is set for them,
Unsweetened is their bitter cup;
This thought fills eyes unto the brim.
(This turkey, how it fills one up!)

The Christmas of the poor in haunts
Of hunger has but I ttle cheer;
(Just half a cup) they plead their wants;
Oh, lean to them a listening ear!
The cheerful giver shall be blest,
(I've lost my appetite) the tones
Of gratitude shall cheer his breast.
(Here, Biddy, gather up the bones.)

Great Captains. HORATIO NELSON.

The Victor of the Nile and Trafalgar,

BY DR. LOUIS DEGRAND.

IF Wellington was the Hero of a Hundred Battles Nelson was the Hero of a Hundred Sea Combats that brought renown to the British navy, and added luster to the British name.

And almost equally with Wellington did he share the popular applause and command the government's confidence in his prowess. Wellington, indeed, was not Wellington when Nelson's star was in the ascendant. Arthur Wellesley was a colonel in the India service when the magnificent victory of the Nile (1798) covered Nelson with glory, and when Nelson's life went out at the terrible but glorious combat at Trafalgar (Oct., 1805) Wellington was still but Sir Arthur, having but returned from India, early in that year. His name and fame supplemented that of Nelson, and kept alive British dominancy in the work of destroying Napoleon.

Nelson, called by some writers the greatest of British admirals, came of a peaceful strain of lineage and blood. He was the fourth son of the rector of Burnham-Thorpe, in Norfolk, and was born Sept. 29th, 1758. His education was but fairly commenced in the school at North Walsham, when, at twelve years of age, he was sent to sea along with his maternal uncle, Captain Suckling, of the Raisonable man-of-war. Being the fourth boy there was nothing for him but to carve out his own destiny—his only "setting out" a government appointment as midshipman. The Raisonable soon going out of commission, the young "middy" was out; but having started in a sea career he made a trip to the West Indies—during which, as an "apprentice," he saw sailor life as it was, in the transport service, and a returned to England, we are told by Southey, "a good, practical seaman, but with a hatred of the king's service, and a saying then common among the sailors—'aft the most honor, forward the better man."

To cure this hatred—which, considering the hor's fearless and carmet meture.

the better man

To cure this hatred—which, considering the boy's fearless and earnest nature, we presume was outspoken, much to his uncle's disgust—Captain Suckling again took Horatio in hand, and a cruise in the Triumph followed. And here it may be said, what he learned in that West Inspect of the laws in the forecept and it may be said, what he learned in that we's indicate the said and among the under officers, and the insolence and inefficiency of the ward-room and cabin, never left him, and during his after-life he was noted for his attention to his men, and for his consideration for those, no matter what their position, who were thorough in duty. This recognition of merit so endeared him to his men that their devotion to his orders was one secret of his remarkable achievements.

The young midshipman "tried his hand," as so many eminent British officers have done, in search of the North-west Passage—going on the expedition under Commodore Phipps, on Cap-tain Ludwidge's vessel. We are told that, in all tain Ludwidge's vessel. We are told that, in all the voyage—which was one of exceeding adventure and peril—he behaved with a "skill, courage and promptitude" that won the encomiums of officers and men. Though but a lad in years, he then gave promise of his future greatness.

After a voyage to the East Indies, in the Seahorse, in 1777 he passed the examination for lieutenant, and was commissioned as second in the Lowestoft frigate cruising in American wa-

lieutenant, and was commissioned as second in the Lowestoft frigate cruising in American waters; but, as we then had no navy, the frigate had no active service. Nelson had his first independent command in the Hinchinbroke, of which he was post captain (1779), and participated in the siege and bombardment of San Juan port; but in this service in the Gulf he sickened and went home to recruit.

Nelson came back to America in the Albemarle; and also held command of the Royese.

marle; and also held command of the Boreas. In this service was also the Duke of Clarence—afterward William IV. He was a "middy" in the fleet, and thus described Nelson, as he then (1783) appeared:

(1783) appeared;

"I was a midshipman on the Barfieur, lying in the Narrows off Staten Island, and had the watch on deck, when Captain Nelson, of the Albemarle, came in his barge alongside, and appeared to be the merest boy of a captain I ever beheld. His dress was worthy of attention; he had on a full laced uniform; his lank, unpowdered hair was tied in a stiff Hessian tail of an extraordinary length; the old-fashioned flaps of his waistcoat added to the general quaintness of his figure, and produced an appearance which particularly attacted my notice, for I had never seen anything like it before, nor could I imagine who he was nor what he came about. My doubts were, however, removed when Lord Hood (the Admiral) introduced me to him. There was something irresistibly pleasing in his address and conversation, and an enthusiasm when speaking on professional subjects that showed he

In 1787 he married and remained off duty at Burnham-Thorpe until 1793. Then the war with the French "Republic" broke out, and Nelson the French "Republic" broke out, and Nelson was assigned to the Agamemnon—a sixty-four gun-ship, and in June sailed in Admiral Hood's fleet for Toulon. This town finally surrendered to the British, "acting in behalf of Louis XVIII.," and Nelson bore dispatches to Naples to Sir William Hamilton, the resident English to Sir William Hamilton, the resident English ambassador at that court. In this mission he first met Lady Hamilton. She was the wife of the am-

wife, and by her wondrous beauty, her natural brilliancy of mind, and her genius for court and political intrigue was a person of iramense influence in Naples. With this woman the great captain was destined to link his name and fame in a way that forms the only spot on his otherwise untarnished glory.

Sir William met Nelson, and on returning home told his wife of the affair, saying that he would introduce her to a little man who could

untarnished glory.

Sir William met Nelson, and on returning home told his wife of the affair, saying that he would introduce her to a little man who could not boast of being handsome, but who would become the greatest naval man England ever produced. "I know it," said the acute minister, "from the very few words of conversation I have already had with him. I pronounce that one day he will astonish the world."

Commencing with operations at Toulon, he

have already had with him. I pronounce that one day he will astonish the world."

Commencing with operations at Toulon, he entered upon a career of marvelous activity. He seemed possessed of a demon of unrest, and yet it was not that, at all—only his desire to add glory to the British arms. At the siege of Bastia (Corsica) he carried his men ashore and directed them in the batteries, after engaging and capturing the ship Ca-Ira in a brilliant fight. And again at the celebrated siege of Calvi (Corsica) he was all through its fifty-one days of fight, and paid the penalty of glory by the loss of an eye—which took from his face one of his distinguishing marks of high intelligence and spirit. But this loss did not draw him from the deck. His ship became a kind of flying terror to French traders and war vessels, for he would fight wherever an enemy was to be struck.

He was in Admiral Hotham's fleet in its action with the French fleet, March 15, 1795, and was made commander, (1796,) from sheer brilliancy of his exploits. With the Minerva frigate he captured the La Sabine, but had to abandon his prize as the Spanish fleet bore down on him. He ran for the fleet of Sir John Jarvis, off Cape St. Vincent, (Portugal,) closely pursued by the anemy's whole sail, and shifting his flag to

him. He ran for the fleet of Sir John Jarvis, off Cape St. Vincent, (Portugal,) closely pursued by the enemy's whole sail, and shifting his flag to the larger and finer ship Captain, of seventy-four guns, he participated in the memorable, flerce and sanguinary combat 'of fleets that ensued, (February 13, 1797). He closed in with the man-of-war Santissima Trinidada, of one hundred and thirty-six guns, and carried her by boarding. Then he dashed in, and, by boarding, carried the San Nicolas, of eighty guns; and turning upon the St. Joseph, of one hundred and twelve guns, took her by a close quarter engagement, cutting her almost to pieces.

For this wonderful performance—so like

turning upon the St. Joseph, of one hundred and twelve guns, took her by a close quarter engagement, cutting her almost to pieces.

For this wonderful performance—so like the work of our own John Paul Jones—he was made knight of the Bath, rear admiral of the blue, and given command of the in-shore squadron blockading Cadiz. He tried to carry that town by bombardment, but the forts were too strong for him, though the attack was one of fierce determination. From Cadiz he ran out to the Canaries and tried to capture the town of Santa Cruz, in Teneriffe Island, but was repulsed, in a very severe conflict with the forts and troops. In attempting to carry the town by assault, the admiral was struck in the right arm by a cannon-shot, and was saved by his son-in-law, Captain Nesbit, who bore the wounded man on his back to the boats. This shattered arm was amputated, and Nelson returned home to recover. A pension of one thousand pounds per year was the reward. In his memorial to Parliament he specifies that he had been in fleet action four times, in three of which he had used boats in cutting out expeditions; had participated in the taking of four towns; had served in the sieges of Bastia and Calvi; had helped to take seven sail of the line, six frigates, four corvettes, and eleven privateers; had captured fifty merchant vessels; had been in action one hundred and twenty times; had lost a right arm and right eye, besides receiving other severe wounds. What a record for a man of forty years; and yet it was only a prelude to the more momentous and important service to come.

In 1798 he sailed with Earl St. Vincent, (Jarvis,) who dispatched him to watch the progress and prevent the escape of Buoneparte's expedition, fitting out in Toulon, for sone secret destination. But, before he arrived, Buoneparte had gone—no one knew whither. So Nelson cruised all along the Italian coast and thence to Alexandria, Egypt, but finding no French Egyptian Invading Expedition, and once more steered for Alexandria—sightling it at noon, Augus

Invading Expedition, and once more steered for Alexandria—sighting it at noon, August 1st, 1798. Within the harbor, at Aboukir Bay, lay a fleet, composed of one first-rate, three secondrates, nine seventy-fours, four frigates, etc., etc. These lay anchored in line of battle, supported by heavy batteries on an island and strengthened by cum-boats.

with Nelson, to see an enemy was signal to fight. He was greatly inferior in guns, men and vessels to the French, but did not hesitate. Taking in the situation, he ordered a division of his fleet to pass inside of the French battle-line, while the rest moved along in front. This darwhile the rest moved along in front. This dar ng but masterly maneuver placed the enemy between two fires. The battle commenced as between two fires. The battle commenced as soon as the cutting-out movement was inaugura-ted, and before the astounded enemy could change to meet the peril, the action was precip-itated. It was fearfully sanguinary. The French ships, one by one, were dismantled, and the admiral's ship, L'Orient, of one hundred and twenty guns, took fire and blew up. But the fight ty gins, took are and olew up. But the fight went on. All night long the struggle continued, and one by one the French squadron struck. At daybreak only two sail of the line of the French had their colors flying. These, seeing that all the others were down, put to sea and escaped.

This victory made Nelson the world's talk. He was created Baron Nelson of the Nile, received

Parliamentary thanks, was voted a pension of £2,000, etc., etc.

Nelson steered for Sicily to refit; thence to

Naples, where he participated in the restoration of the Bourbons, whom the French had driven out, and—met Lady Hamilton again, to fall so deeply in love with her as to forget that he was a husband and she a friend's wife. Thereafter she enters into the current history of his life, to be to him a divinity he worshiped with an idolatry surpassingly beautiful, if each had been free to love and wed.

free to love and wed.

Nelson next served as second in Admiral
Sir Hyde Parker's fleet, dispatched to force
the entrance to the Baltic, closed by the
"Northern Confederates"—Denmark, Sweden
and Norway. Nelson volunteered to run the
Cattegat. This he did (April 2d, 1801), and then
anceced the Danish fleet, by which seventeen cattegat. This he did (April 3d, 1901), and then engaged the Danish fleet, by which seventeen ships and vessels were destroyed. This severe punishment brought the Confederates to terms, and since that day the straits leading into the

Nelson was now made a Viscount and his onors made hereditary in his family, even in

the female line. When hostilities reopened after the peace of When hostilities reopened after the peace of Amiens (March 27th, 1802), Nelson was given command of the Mediterranean. He sailed March 10th, 1803, heading for Toulon, but, despite his vigilance, the French fleet escaped and headed for Cadiz. There joined by the Spanish fleet, it started at once for the West Indies. Nelson, though much inferior in strength, pursued, and the combined fleets returned to Cadiz, in October having accompalished nothing with in October, having accomplished nothing, with Nelson constantly on their heels. The two allies, refitted and strengthened in Cadiz, resolved to attack the Briton, and on October 21st came up-on Nelson's squadron, off Cape Trafalgar. The combined fleets consisted of thirty-three sail of

the line and seven frigates; the British number-ed twenty-seven of the line and four frigates. Signaling to his ships, "England expects every man to do his duty," he ordered his flagship, the Victory, to close in with his old prize the Santissima Trinidada, the enemy's flag the Santissima Trinidada, the enemy's flag-ship. Dividing his fleet into two sections—one headed by his own ship, the other by Colling-wood, in the Sovereign, they went into action, Ship engaged ship. The struggle was awful. The Victory, closing in with the Trinidada, was soon flanked by the Redoubtable, and when he had symposed that vessel had struck Nelson met Lady Hamitton. Sne was the wife of the ambassador, and then in her twenty-seventh year. Though of low origin, and of questionable life record up to the date of her transfer, for a money consideration, to Sir William, by his nephew, she had supposed that vessel had struck, Nelson was short by a sharp-shooter in her main-tops, as was short by a sharp-shooter in her main-tops, as the wife of the enemy. The ball struck his epaulation and the poop of his own ship, in full sight of the enemy. The ball struck his epaulation and penetrated downward, making a terinormal parameter of the ambassador and then in her twenty-seventh year.

mourning. Then came such a funeral as never before was seen or known in the kingdom, and St. Paul's cathedral received the remains. There they now rest, side by side with those of Wellington, and like those of Wellington, treasured with a pride that a world respects.

Nelson being childless by his legal wife, his title and estates reverted to his brother, Rev. William Nelson. Lady Hamilton, of whom he talked and thought in his last moments, consigning her and her child to the nation's care and consideration, was treated with a scorn that sent her into a miserable exile in France, where she died an object of charity. It may have been a proper punishment for her adventurous and irregular life, but Nelson's solemn adjurations to his country and friends to care for her and her daughter, render her neglect and miserable death anything else than a pleasant thing to contemplate.

The Newsboy's Christmas

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.

"SAT! Goin' to the Christmas dinner?"
"You bet!"
"I'm yer chap!"
"Hooray for old J. P.!"
Two or three newsboys had met where the avenue intersects with Sixth street, and stopped to discuss the subject which was uppermost in every newsboy's thoughts in the Smoky City that Christmas Eve—the annual dinner given by a certain newspaper man to their fratemity on

characteristics by the characteristics of the control of the characteristics of the charact

"Sartin sure, greeney!"

"Sartin sure, greeney!"

"Pshaw! tell that to the marines. 'Tain't an overplus of gimyrosity that ails him, it's—duats," said another, dropping his voice at the ast to a dramatic and stage-thrilling whisper. last to a dramatic and stage-thrilling, whisper. There was a general laugh, they separated, and the usual cry here and there upon the street soon testified that this was no holiday for them, whatever the morrow might be.

Even little Barney of the hungry-looking eyes, "greeney" though he was, mustered up courage to make his voice heard.

"Ere's yer Evening Leader—Leader—Chronical."

i-cal?"

"Give me a Leader," said a young lady, leaning out of a carriage which had just drawn up at the curb. "Never mind the change. Don't you remember me, Barney?"

Barney looked, and a sudden glow lit his countenance. Remember her? Yes, as he would have remembered a heavenly angel had such a vision ever crossed his path, for poor little Barney had a hard life of it, and no one else had looked at him with such kindly eyes or spoken such words of compassion to him as once before had fallen from the lips of Myrtle Ventbefore had fallen from the lips of Myrtle Vent

But now the fair face he remembered was lit with a strange excitement, and without waiting a reply, she went on eagerly:

"How many papers have you to sell? I'll buy them all if you'll do something for me, Barney. Will you? Here, then. Jump in and go home with me. Oh, Barney! you saved Muff for me, and now I do believe you can save me if you will?"

For the newsboy, he almost believed himself in a dream as he sunk back among the luxurious ushions of the warm carriage, and saw the ovely face of the girl opposite turned to him in

lovely face of the girl opposite turned to him in passionate appeal.

"I'm in great trouble, Barney. I am to be married on New-Year's Day, and don't want to be. Papa is all for the match, and that's why I ever promised, but 1 grow more afraid as the time comes nearer. The person I am to marry is Mr. Locke. I never liked him very well, and now I am almost sure he is not an honorable man. They will not let me off since I have promised, but papa would if I could prove that to him, and I am almost sure I can if you will help me, Barney. Will you?"

"Won't I?" uttered Barney, enthusiastically. "I'd jump off the 'Spension Bridge if you was to ask me, Miss Myrtle."

"You dear boy!" Tears were shining in Myrtle's eyes now, and she bent over impulsively and kissed that tattered waif of the streets. "I knew you had a good heart because you

"I knew you had a good heart because you saved my poor doggie from being run over at the risk of the same to yourself. Now, I am taking you home with me so you may see Mr. Locke. I saw him to-day on the street with another man, a rufflan by his looks, and heard him say, 'Then at three to-morrow I will be free of you.' He saw me at the minute coming a store, and pretended he had not been h you. He saw me at the minute coming out of a store, and pretended he had not been holding any communication with the other, but I know better. I believe if I could discover what his connection with that rough-looking man is, I would be free. I want you to mark him so that you cannot possibly be mistaken, and then follow him; don't lose sight of him for an instant, and of all things be sure and find out what is said and done at three to-morrow. If it should be something that will break off the match, you shall be like a brother to me always. Oh, Barney! I was very miserable, and seeing your face was like a gleam of hope. I feel sure that you will not fail me, though every one else has."

And Barney felt sure of it, too, though the grand Christmas dinner did flash up for a minute in his thoughts, then it faded slowly away, a vision of what never was to be.

a vision of what never was to be.

The spot was in the midst of extensive lumberyards and as desolate as you can well imagine, with the keen blast driving up from the river armed with tiny points of falling snow that cut spitefully against the hands and faces exposed spaces between with an icy coating, but the two men there were thinking little of wind or

The one rose from the sheltered corner where he had been waiting as the ringing footsteps of the other announced his approach, and advanc-ing as he turned an angle they stood abruptly

"Oh!" said Dion Locke, recoiling slightly.
"You are here. I began to think you had not kept the appointment."
"Likely that I wouldn't. Have you brought

the cash?"

"What else would bring me? Before you get it, however, there must be a closer bargain between us than I had time to talk of yesterday. Did you keep your word and come here without telling any one of your intention?"

"Of course. A hereging is a heregin with received."

"Of course. A bargain's a bargain with me, as you ought to know."
"And with me also, my friend. I want it understood distinctly that the payment of the money you have demanded ends all matters between us. I want your sacred promise that no breath of what you know will ever pass to any your low associates, and I want you to keep e promise. I will not be annoyed by you or ay of your kind hereafter, remember that."

"Growing mighty particular of your company, aren't you now?" sneered the man. "More'n when you were lagged for burglary along of three of us that thought ourselves as good as you was in them days."

"Take care," said Locke, in a tone of deadly might

quiet.

"I will take care when I have as much reason to be afraid of you as you have for bein' afraid of me. I've got you where I want you, Dion Locke, and there's no help for you. That wasn't your name, by the way, in the other times, and I don't know how you've managed it to turn up here of all places as a relation of one of the first families."

I am a relation," interrupted Locke, still

"Then they must find you a creditable one. Well, I do know you have got the wherewithal, and you'll fork over liberal, or I'll go to the old sardine with the handsome daughter, and tell 'em both in so many words that you served out your two years in the Western along with better men. You see I've took particular pains to inquire into your affairs. I've got you where I want you, and nothing but comin' down square on the nail's goin' to save you from bein' squeezed like an orange before I'm through with you. Be liberal with me; that's your only course."

dressed, self-possessed fellow, with plenty of conceit about him—and where will you find the man without more than his fair share?

That afternoon Mrs. Clandesley was uncommonly fascinating, and Mr. Merle staid longer monly fascinating and Mr. Merle staid longer and Lily Richmond driving briskly along behind the colonel's thoroughbreds. And a little, appealing look on Lily's face, as they exchanged nods, told him plainer than ever where her young affection was.

And he lifted his hat with a careless smile,

"Is it? I, too, have you where I want you at

All the time he had been talking he was mov-All the time he had been talking he was moving gradually back into the hollow space left by surrounding stacks of lumber, the other unconsciously following, and as he spoke those words a fierce light leaped into his face; his hand was uplifted, followed by a flash and a sharp report. A sure shot, for the other stumbled and fell for-

The murderer stooped over his victim to make the fact, and, raising suddenly, started back with a frightened ejaculation breaking over his lips.

He had caught the momentary glimpse of a He had caught the momentary glimpse of a pallid, elfinish face peering at him from above. He made a dash for the spot, but the light figure had slipped down. The alleys were dark and intricate, and his subsequent search failed to reveal to him the witness of his crime. He had a good memory for faces, and knew he had seen that one before; after an effort of recollection, he remembered where. It had been lifted toward him for a moment on the previous evening as he descended the steps from Mr. Ventnor's door.

Perhaps it was that recollection; perhaps it was only a wish to prove something as near to an *alibi* as possible, should the necessity for it occur, which led him to make all possible speed in reaching that aristocratic mansion once more. But the fleeter-footed, lighter-bodied messenger

But the fleeter-footed, lighter-bodied messenger was before him.

As Mr. Locke was admitted, the very face which was haunting him glanced forth from the gathering shadows of the hall, and the look of terror it had worn as it peered down upon that scene of horror, sprung to it again. With reason, too, for everything but the storm of rage sweeping through his evil soul was forgotten by the man. He took a stride forward; his sinewy white fingers closed upon the boy's throat; for one instant poor Barney, the victim of his wrathful desperation, swung in the air, and then he was flung with crushing force against the opposite wall, and fell a senseless heap upon the floor.

"Now, tell tales if you can," Locke muttered;

Now, tell tales if you can," Locke muttered; and an instant later woke to a realization, which his rage had blinded him to before, that others stood around.

Myrtle sped past him with a pitying cry to kneel beside the boy, and Mr. Ventnor faced him

kneel beside the boy, and Mr. Ventnor faced him passionately.

"You villain! You have added another crime to your list without avail. He has told us his story, and however I was inclined to regard it before, I have no doubt now. Your brazen hardihood has led you here to your own swift punishment, thank God!"

He turned to an officer who appeared upon the outer threshold at the moment—one for whom he had sent to receive the boy's testimony—whom he was about to charge now with a different commission; but Locke realized his danger, and, dashing them both out of his way in his forward rush, escaped for the time.

For the time only. He was finally apprehended for the murder, tried, and sentenced to life-long imprisonment, that modification from the death sentence following when it was proved that the murdered man had been a thoroughly disreputable character.

And or Regney, he was as touch as a newshow.

that the murdered man had been a thoroughly disreputable character.

And for Barney, he was astough as a newsboy ought to be, and lived after all the rough treatment he had received, to know that disastrous Christmas Day as the opening to a very different life. He has never gone to the newsboys' annual banquet to this day: but he does not forget that he was once one of them, while he is repaying the kindness of the Ventnors in the full measure which a bright and clever boy could do, by close application to the studies they have do, by close application to the studies they have placed within his reach, and that he will do honor to himself and them I do not doubt.

A Man's Blunder.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

THEO RICHMOND looked handsome enough to because you have captivated any girl's heart, as he stood run over at leaning against the mantel, looking down with laughing eyes on the girl who was sitting on the low hassock in the bay-window—such a pretty, fairy little thing, with golden hair tied back from her blossom face, and the dearest, prettiest

pair of vivid lips.

Very sweet, very lovable, but with a despondency on her face that had no business there;

ency on her face that had no business there; with a little pitiful quiver on her warm lips, that Theo did not see, else he would never have stood looking so mischievously at her.

"Take my advice, Lily; we fellows know what's what in such cases. Take my advice, and don't let Rex Merle make you so miserable. He likes you, sis—I know he does, because he said so—better than any girl he ever saw, and when he gets ready, he'll propose—my word for it—unless you discourage him by being too—too—well, too anxious about him. You see, a fellow don't like a girl to let on she's in love with him, and, 'pon honor, Lily—don't get vexed now—but really you do let him know so well how much you like him."

A hot, mortified blush surged over her face.

"Oh, Theo! I am sure I never did. I should

"Oh, Theo! I am sure I never did. I should die if I thought I had." Mr. Richmond caressed his mustache affeçtionately.
"Well, maybe you haven't-only. There's

this one thing, that there's no surer way to make a fellow pony up—that is, if you want him to propose—than to flirt with some other him to propose—than to flirt with some other fellow, and arouse his jealousy, you know. Why don't you do it? There's Colonel Elmer; he's stylish and handsome, and a word from me will fix it all right. He'll be delighted to play a little farce with you, and Merle will not be slow in doing his duty. Shall I speak to Elmer.

Oh, no! no! Oh, I couldn't, Theo! If Mr.

"Oh, no! no! Oh, I couldn't, Theo! If Mr. Merle doesn't care for—any one, I am sure—oh, Theo, there comes Colonel Elmer now! Promise me you won't say a word!"

And she turned her flushed, nervous face toward him, her eyes shining with tears, her pretty mouth trembling, and he gave the promise, as he sauntered off with the handsome military gentleman, with the mental reservation that he would not say a word to help his little sister through—he would say a number of

And Lily went away up to her own room; and Mr. Rex Merle emerged from the curtains with a smile on his face.

"So that is the little game, is it? Miss Lily, I

shall punish you for this—a little only, you loving little darling you! I will flirt as well as yourself: and if you and Colonel Elmer have a good time, so will the charming Mrs. Clandesley and will capitulate at your pretty feet, and we'll see where the laugh comes in!"

where the laugh comes in!"

Of course his thoughts were silent ones—people never soliloquize who are blessed with their five senses—and Mr. Merle looked very delighted as he walked down toward the hotel where the beautiful widow was boarding.

"Not that the mature charms of Mrs.

Clandesley can win my heart from its allegiance to dear little Lily, but it will be a good lesson to her to make her appreciate my offer when I make it, as I certainly shall when I am ready, despite Colonel Elmer's attentions or the fair Sylvick attractions."

affection was.

And he lifted his hat with a careless smile, that smote her like a blow, and that made Colonel Ellmer compress his lips in wrath at the "conceited puppyism of the rascal who dared trifle with such a little daring as Lily Richmond."

So it appeared that Theo had entrusted Lily's cause to the colonel's gallant care, after all.

The October banners of red and gold were hung gayly out, and a crisp frostiness was in the air, that brought warm, glowing tints to Lily Richmond's cheeks, as she and Philip Elmer sauntered along the leaf-strewn road—the frost—a something, perhaps the earnestness in her escort's voice

"It hardly seems possible it is the very last day, does it, Lily? What a charming summer it has been—to me?"

"And to me as well. How I wish you were not going, Colonel Elmer."

She was looking at the little flurry of leaves at her feet.

'Do you really mean that? Oh, I dare say you do, come to think of it, because I have been so useful—"

She looked suddenly at him.
"You promised never to refer to the awkward arrangement Theo made. Please don't, Colonel Elmer."

She laid a dainty little hand on his arm—they

She laid a dainty little hand on his arm—they had been such uncommonly good friends since she had discovered that Theo had "spoken a word" to the colonel.

"I will not. But there is one thing I must speak of, Lily—I must tell you that if it were not that you loved fortunate Merle so grandly and nobly as you do, I would confess that—Lily! how can I be so particular and deliberate in language, when my whole soul is calling out for you, my love, my darling, my white Lily!"

And by his deathly pale face, his earnest eyes she knew that, for him, the farce was not a farce, but a reality.

And she?

a farce, but a reality.

And she?

She felt her heart leap almost to her throat as she listened, and she lifted her sweet eyes for one glance at his impassioned face.

"Colonel Elmer, I—I—was—mistaken when I thought I—cared for Mr. Merle! I—don't—" He had her in his arms before she could finish.

"Lily, love, tell mo I have not learned to love you in vain! Lily! Lily! you do love me? Say it—say so!"

And she must have said so, because that same evening Theo Richmond went up to Rex Merle.

And she must have said so, because that same evening Theo Richmond went up to Rex Merle, as he was walking to and fro on the piazza, smoking contentedly, and thinking it was about time to end matters with himself and the dashing widow.

"Congratulate me, Rex, on my brother-in-law—elect! Phil and Lily have commissioned me to tell you of their engagement. Splendid match, isn't it? And, by-the-by, here's a letter for you—the Clandesley's writing, isn't it?"

And Theo sauntered away, leaving Merle in a rage of anger, and pain, and disappointment, and misery, and scarcely able to comprehend that Lily was lost to him—fair, gentle Lily, to whom he had concluded to give "a lesson" in order to make her properly estimate and appreciate him when he should condescend to bow before her!

before her!

He set his teeth together hard, as he walked to and fro in the cool October night; and cursed his ill luck, and the hour he ever saw Sylvia Clandesley—laying the blame where it did not Clandesley—laying the blame where it did not belong, and where men are so fond of laying it, on the woman. Up and down, up and down he strode until he suddenly remembered the letter in "the Calndesley's" hand, and he stepped to the lamp at the head of the piazza steps, to read a little notelet Sylvia's fair hand had penciled an hour before.

"My DEAR MR. MERLE:—You surely do not intend for me to return to the city without another word from you? Have you forgotten I go to-morrow, quite early? I will see you this evening, at any hour convenient to yourself, and I am sure you will not need to have me remind you of several letters you have written me, which I shall be sorry to be obliged to hand to my brother, who is with me for a day or so, in order to have their charmingly affectionate contents translated. Please let me see you to-night; and know I am.

for a tay of affectionate contents translated. Please let inc affectionate contents translated. Please let inc you to-night; and know I am, "Ever Faithfully,

His hands were trembling like aspen leaves as he read the suggestive note—suggestive of his folly in having carried his flirtation beyond the bounds of prudence (if there be such a boundary), suggestive of the beautiful West Indian's temper; suggestive of a suit for—breach of promise would it be, or what?

And he went into the house, and made his preparations, and, after all his magnificent lordliness of the summer, sneaked away under cover of the darkness, a miserable, disappointed, disgusted man. While fair Lily was as happy as the days were goldenly bright. His hands were trembling like aspen leaves as

Ripples.

An Ohio jockey furnishes horses with false eeth so as to conceal their age. The trick is

About the only person we ever heard of that was not spoiled by being lionized was a Jew named Daniel. Man is selfish, even in his charities, but wo-man's generosity is unbounded. She does not

ven limit her scoldings to her own family Velvet flowers are very fashionable on bonnets for day wear, such as sweet peas of a deep, rich tone and variegated carnations.

Throw out crumbs to the sparrows. They are foreigners, but they take a lively interest in this country.

Question for a debating society: "If a man has a tiger by the tail, which would be best for his personal safety—to hold on or to let go?"

A bachelor returning from a hall in a crowd-de coach, declared with a grean that he had not he slightest objection to "rings on his fingers," but he had a most unequivocal aversion to belles on his toes." The disgusted Britisher who concluded that

American national tune was the spit-toon, is revising Shakspeare for young Yankees. He has got as far as "'Tis true, 'tis spitty, and spitty 'tis. 'tis true.'

A cigar contains acetic, formic, butyric, valeric, and propriouic acidia, prussic acid, creosote, carbolic acid, ammonis, sulphuretted hydrogen, pyridine, viridine, picoline, and rubidene, to say nothing about cabbagine and burdockic acid. That's why you can't get a good one for less than five cents,

A Chicago boy, who is addicted to going to the theatre to see the heavy drama, called his father to supper the other day by bawling out, "What, ho, there, base craven! Come hither to thy vesperian hash!" And when that father and son came together, it sounded as if the belt had slipped off a twenty-foot flywheel

wheel.

A pretty schoolmarm of Wisconsin county, to prevent scholars from being tardy, promised to dear little Lily, but it will be a good lesson to the first of the colonel Elmer's attentions or the fair Sylinake it, as I certainly shall when I am ready, depite Colonel Elmer's attentions or the fair Sylinake attractions."

He walked leisurely along, switching at the laisies with his cane—a fine-looking, well-